TODAY,
The Great Story, "THE KISS OF GOLD," Commences.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

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TAILORS,

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NEW FALL STOCK.

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FAULKNER'S SPEECH.

He Will Vote for the Repeal of the Sherman Act.]

Declares Himself in Favor of a Gold Standard and Gives His Reasons for It.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—The usual routine business occupied the early hours of today's session of the senate.

Mr Faulkner, of West Virginia, then took the floor. Referring to the president's message Mr. Faulkner spoke of the sterling integrity and unflinching courage of its author. But if after a full consideration of the views of the president he should honestly differ with him in his conclusion and find himself unable to follow to the full extent on the line the president had indicated, he could not surrender his convictions and blindly pursue the path that his judgment did not approve without being sensible of the fact that he would be unworthy to occupy his seat in the senate.

Assuming the premise, which he laid down at some length, to be true that the great commercial nations of the world, including the United States, were today committed to a single gold standard, every hour of study strengthened his convictions that it would be as unwise as it would be impossible for the United States at this time to attempt to establish free and unlimited coinage of silver at any ratio and at the same time preserve the parity between the two metals.

He would vote for the repeal of the Sherman law, not because he believed it to be the cause of the present business depression and financial stringency; not that it had induced a want of confidence on the part of the people in the integrity and stability of our financial system, but for three good and sufficient reasons.

First—The authority conferred upon the secretary of the treasury by the act presented a constant menace and tended to depress the price of silver bullion. The act was founded upon a false theory of the proper money functions of the government and furnished a vicious precedent for the future.

Second—In the execution of its provisions, especially in the storing of bullion and the issue of treasury notes, it had been the fruitful source of the strongest arguments against the use of silver as part of our monetary system.

Third—The people believed, however erroneously, that the present disturbance was mainly due to this act and that its repeal would assist in restoring confidence, the want of which was the chief obstacle to the restoration of business activity.

In conclusion, Mr. Faulkner said that although he should vote to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, he hoped that he would not be called upon to do so without having first secured an amendment to the bill now pending before the senate, which would by law, and not by a mere declaration, give notice to the world that this government would exercise all its powers, employ all its resources and throw the weight of its great influence in favor of the re-establishment of silver on an equality with gold as a standard of value.

GUILTY OF CONTEMPT.

Disregards the Order of a Judge and is Ordered Into Custody.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 8.—Captain C. C. Hewitt, U. S. A., was ordered to jail yesterday afternoon by Judge Moon for contempt of court, and went to the door of the prison before he weakened and purged himself of the contempt. The case was a singular one. Yesterday morning a deserter was brought in from Georgia and given into the custody of Captain Hewitt, who is stationed here on recruiting service. The prisoner was granted a writ of habeas corpus and the captain was ordered to produce his man in court. He failed to do so and attempted to file an answer, claiming that under a decision of the United States supreme court he was not obliged to obey the order of a state tribunal. Judge Moon refused to hear argument on the case and ordered Captain Hewitt into the custody of the sheriff. As the result the alleged deserter was brought before the judge and the case set for hearing. The incident excites much comment from members of the bar.

THE FLIGHT OF SCOTT.

Grand Jury of O'Neill, Neb., to Take Cognizance of His Disappearance.

O'NEILL, Neb., Sept. 8—District court will convene today, and the grand jury will investigate into the cause of the loss to the county of some of the funds held in trust by the absconding treasurer, Barrett Scott. The authorities here are looking pretty hard for Scott, but what the outcome will be no one knows. Interest has diverted somewhat from the missing treasurer by reason of the continued absence of Banker Adams and his brother, of the Holt County bank, and the general impression prevails that they have gone for good. The Holt County bank closed its doors some time before Scott absconded. It is known that a part of the $90,000, which represents Scott's shortage, was deposited in the defunct concern.

SEARCHING FOR A MURDERER.

Farmers Chasing the Slayer of Herman Antelman Through the Swamps.

FORT MADISON, Iowa, Sept. 8.—Alfred Andersen, the murderer of Herman Antelman is still at large. A number of Green Bay farmers and citizens of this place kept up the hunt all night and thought for a time they had the convict surrounded in a swamp, but he escaped. He is known to have gone up the river, as he purchased a cap from a wood-hopper, telling him he had fallen from a passing train and lost his headgear. Andersen was known to be minus a hat, as his own is in the police station here. A local paper last night stated that a rumor is current that Anderson was shot near Patterson, but this cannot be verified.

BLOW FROM A BLUDGEON

Knocks Cashier Robt. H. Gruschow Insensible,

And the Sandbaggers Gather up the $5,000 Which He was Counting and Make Their Escape.

CHICAGO, Sept 8.—Two sandbaggers took $5,000 from the counting room of the Pabst Brewing company's supply house at Desplaines and Indiana streets last night, having first made the cashier insensible by a blow on the side of the head with a bludgeon.

Robert H Gruschow, the cashier, had been counting the money, which was all in bills When nearly through he heard a knock at the door When it was repeated a minute later he opened the door. Two men stood one behind the other in the dark hall Gruschow had only time to notice the fact when he was felled to the floor with a sandbag When he recovered he looked on the counter for the money. It was all gone, excepting about $100 in small bills, which the thieves had swept from the counter upon the floor in their haste.

The watchman, who was about the building, came in just after Gruschow discovered the loss of the money He had met a man a few minutes before coming out of the building in great haste. He started out to look, but there was no one around. Gruschow was taken home in a carriage and his wound is not dangerous.

MAN PUSHED FROM A TRAIN.

Farmer of Lima, Ohio, Finds Him Wandering in a Demented State.

LIMA, Ohio, Sept 8.—A farmer living about four miles west of this city, while working in a field near the tracks of the Chicago and Erie yesterday, discovered a man wandering about in a demented condition. Upon examination he was found to be fatally injured and now lies in an unconscious condition. He is injured about the head and spine, also internally. When brought to the hotel he talked some in a rambling manner, saying that in company with his wife and son, he was on his way from Youngstown to attend the world's fair. The last that he could remember he was sitting on the platform of one of the cars on Erie train No. 3, which passed some time after 1 o'clock, and that he was pushed off the train. He is about fifty-five years of age, medium height and build, with gray hair and mustache, and had a gold watch and chain, a world's fair ticket sold at Youngstown Wednesday, $100 in money and some letters addressed to Joseph Lentzen, No. 141 Mills street, Youngstown, all of which is missing. The authorities of that place have been notified.

WHISKY FOR WHALEBONE.

Reckless Trading Among the Whalemen on the Siberian Coast.

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 8.—The latest Alaskan advices by the steamer Chilicat, which arrived in port yesterday, state that the season on the Siberian coast has been distinguished by the reckless trading of liquor by the whalemen. It is reported that, before crossing to the American side, some of the whalers, in order to dispose of their large supply, gave as high as a barrel of whisky for a slab of whalebone. More than one hundred barrels of liquor was landed along the Siberian coast. The same demoralized condition of affairs would have existed on the American side but for the presence of the "Bear" and the vigilance of Captain Healy.

The Alaska Commercial company's steamer "Arctic" brought down from Forty Mile creek, on the Yukon, $60,000 worth of gold dust and a larger quantity of furs than has been secured for many years past. These go to San Francisco.

TWO EMBEZZLERS.

Employes of a Chicago Bank Who Stole $25,000.

CHICAGO, Sept 8—Two former employes of the Merchants' National banks are accused of embezzling from that institution an amount which it is thought will reach $25,000. The pilfering, which has been going on for the last three years, was so cleverly done that it was not discovered until the work of balancing the books September 1 was commenced. Robert McEvoy, one of the accused men, who left the city last night, was ostensibly on a vacation. The other man was discharged some time ago. According to the stories told by his friends, McEvoy was the tool of his fellow clerk, and was led into the crime by a man who worked on his fears and weakness. It is said that he got a comparatively small sum of the stolen money, the bulk having been paid to the other men as the price of his silence.

RICHARD HOOLEY DYING.

The Veteran Theatrical Manager at Death's Door.

CHICAGO, Sept 8.—Richard M. Hooley, the veteran theatrical manager, is dying. Late last night it was not expected he would live until morning. He has been in poor health for several weeks, but hope was sustained until a few days ago.

TALKS FOR HOME RULE.

The Earl of Rosebery Argues for the Bill.

He Tells the House of Lords the Measure Only Faces the Opposition Which All Reforms Have Encountered.

LONDON, Sept 8.—The house of lords was crowded last evening with people eager to hear the Earl of Rosebery, secretary of state for foreign affairs, speak on the home rule bill.

The scene was a brilliant one. Many bishops and peers were represented in the diplomatic gallery, also several ambassadors among them being Henry White, secretary of the American embassy. The space in front of the throne room reserved for privy councillors was occupied by Arthur J. Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain and other prominent members of the house of commons.

The first speaker was the earl of Selborne, liberal unionist, who made a bitter attack upon the bill. He said he saw dragon's teeth sown in every clause and the bill was certain to produce strife. The government had capitulated to the worst Irish faction, reckless of what happened if it retained office through the Irish vote.

Lord Roseberry followed Lord Selborne. He said that the arguments in which phrases "about capitulation" and "rash and uncertain experiment" has been used by opponents of home rule were exactly the sort that had been applied against every great reform of the present century. The same arguments had been used against the Catholic emancipation bill, the first reform bill, and the bill for the repeal of the corn laws. Members of the opposition had said that the present bill ought to be carefully considered because it was legislation not for today but for an uncertain tomorrow. It could be said for the upper house that they were not ever legislating for tomorrow, but were legislating for "this day six months later."

The house of lords, having decided before the debate opened to reject the home rule bill, could not be called a dissecting room so justly as it could be called a chamber of death. The debate, therefore, was unreal and academic. There was no equal division of the parties in the house of lords. It was one party only, with a slight percentage of another.

Regarding the minority he could not hope that Sydney Smith's couplet describing salad should apply:

Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole

The earl's witty sally was received with much laughter. Continuing, he said that the speeches of the opposition had been largely mere denunciation of action. The question before them was one of policy. The decision of the liberals on the question was clear and determined, while the policy of the opposition was in the womb of the future. He was perfectly certain that if the unionists had frankly accepted the principle of a local legislature for Ireland and had offered in good faith to proceed on that line, with the view of applying the principle in a manner consonant with the safety and integrity of the empire, the liberals would have held out both hands to welcome the unionists proposals. But the action of the unionists in the house of commons had been irreconcilable. They reminded him of a Spanish bull fight where the toreadors, picadors and matador were called in successively in a prolonged fight until the bull was killed. Lord Salisbury was the matador, striking the final blow. [Laughter.] The house of commons had lingered over the home rule bill with solicitude. The house of lords gave the bill short shift. The bill was treated in the house of lords on an old receipt for cooking pike: Fill the pike with everything rich and rare, then throw it out of the window as useless.

This summary disposal of a great measure entailed upon the house of lords a tremendous responsibility. What means had they taken to fortify themselves for the contest in which they were preparing to engage? There were 113 Irish peers sitting in the house of lords, and he wanted to know—for it was an important factor in fighting five-sixths of the popular representatives of Ireland—how many of these peers in any sense whatever represented any part of Ireland except Ulster? Did the house of lords mean to fight the Irish people with representatives of only one small class? [Irish shouts of "Hear, Hear."] If they wished to settle the question at all, eventually a settlement might be obtained by both parties agreeing to meet in conference, and after an adequate discussion, settle the terms on which Ireland might govern herself.

In 1886 Lord Hartington (now the duke of Devonshire) and Mr. Chamberlain had said that home rule was mainly a question of degree, and they had succinctly and definitely laid down the limitations they were prepared to grant. Were they of the same opinion now? If so, the duke of Devonshire had been singularly ill advised in moving the rejection of the present bill. He might have allowed the second reading to pass sub silentio and then get the bill in committee, manipulated it to his liking, and, amended, returned it to the house of commons, where though the amendments might be stoutly resisted, a subsequent conference of the two houses might have led to some agreement.

Even if this course could have had no fruitful result it was a clear and patriotic line of action for the house of lords to take. He was no enthusiast for home rule. He supported it simply as the best of the three courses open to the opposition—to adopt modified home rule, continue the policy of coercion, or disfranchise Ireland. If coercion were to be continued the future of Ireland would be deplorable. Secret societies would again be formed and the reign of assassination would be renewed. Coercion was a valuable instrument, but it demanded continuity, which it never could obtain. The disfranchisement of Ireland was an impossible course. Home rule, therefore, was the only alternative.

In concluding Lord Rosebery said that the present trouble was undoubtedly an experiment, but most legislation was experimental, and Irish legislation was necessarily so. It was a large and generous experiment. It was not a leap in the dark, but a leap in the light. It was a leap toward the reconciliation of two nations too long divided. It was a stride toward the adjustment of local business, enabling the British people to support the vast and varied burdens of the empire.

Lord Rosebery was heartily cheered at the close of his speech.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.

The Duquesne Works Resume Operations,

But the Employes Will be Compelled to Accept a Reduction of Wages.

PITTSBURG, Sept 8.—A notice has been posted at the Carnegie steel works at Duquesne that all departments of the works will be put in operation next Monday. Two thousand men will be given employment at the following terms: A reduction of 10 per cent. in all departments except where employes are paid thirteen cents per hour, in which cases a reduction of one cent per hour will be made, and except also in case of salaried men who have recently had a reduction.

EVANSVILLE WILL SUFFER.

The Railroad Receivership a Serious Blow to Her Business Interests.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 8.—The appointment of a receiver for the Evansville and Terre Haute railroad is regarded as a serious blow to the business interests of this city. It is openly charged that Captain Grammer is in collusion with William Chowder, of the Sullivan bank, and the Porter syndicate, of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road, to prevent Mr. Mackey from again assuming control of the Evansville and Terre Haute road.

John S. Bays, attorney for the Sullivan bank, says: "The suit was brought by the Sullivan county bank for the purpose of realizing $5,000 on the stock and notes given the bank by the company last March. All were long past due excepting one for $10,000, which would mature September 10. It was immaterial to the bank who was receiver, but the court was solicitous that the services of the road should not be impaired, and appointed Captain Grammar receiver on account of his knowledge of the business. Charles Chowder, of Chicago, general manager of the Jackson Hill Coal and Coke company, is a creditor to the extent of between $16,000 and $20,000. A number of other persons in Sullivan county hold notes for various large sums."

GREAT BOOM IN BUSINESS.

Times Better at Pittsburg Now Than They Were a Year Ago.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 8.—There are now in the Pittsburg district twenty-five mills and iron plants in operation. The number of wholly idle plants is seventeen. Compared with the same season last year there is not much difference. While there are more plants in operation now, three of the largest, the Carnegies' at Homestead, Thirty-third and Twenty-ninth streets, were crippled this time a year ago. Those three plants now running full time increases the number of employed between 7,000 and 8,000, which will offset the idleness of at least ten smaller plants. There is but one idle mill in the Pennsylvania avenue district—Brown & Co's. On the south side all the mills are in operation except the Clinton, Republic, Eagle and part of Oliver's. The ten inch mill and bolt works of the Oliver Iron and Steel company will start this week. In Allegheny the Pittsburg Forge and Iron company and Oliver's Wood's run mill are the only large idle plants. By September 16 every mill in the district will be working. There is a decided improvement in the business feeling and some of the banks are offering large loans to brokers, showing they have all the money they need.

J. H. M'VICKER

The Veteran Manager is on the White Mountains.

CHICAGO, Sept 8.—Coincident with Richard M. Hooley's severe and probable fatal illness is the report of the serious illness of J. H. McVicker, another veteran manager. He is in the White mountains spending the summer. The latest reports of his condition were that he was somewhat better, with strong hopes of his recovery. He is just two months Mr. Hooley's senior, having been born February 11, 1822, and for thirty six years has been an integral part of all that is best in Chicago's dramatic and artistic life.

ELECTRIC COMPANY RESUMES.

The Thomson-Houston Concern Will Put On Its Force of 4,000 Men.

LYNN, Mass., Sept 8.—The Thomson-Houston Electric company will at once put on its entire force of 4,000 men. The company has just received orders to the amount of $600,000. The steel foundry was started up yesterday and other departments are to be run at full blast commencing today.

SMALLPOX SCARE.

Health Officer Miller Urged to be Active.

Over a Hundred Cases in Muncie and Eight New Ones Reported Yesterday—Situation Serious.

A slight smallpox scare in this city last week was not reported in any of the city papers. It was of no great importance, but it set some people who knew of it to thinking. A number of colored delegates to the Masonic meeting were here from Muncie and two of them had been exposed to this terrible disease. Mayor Zollinger was notified and reported the matter to Health Officer Miller upon his return from Ohio. The colored delegates returned to their homes and no one has had the small pox here yet. Delays are dangerous and something should be done at once to prevent the disease coming to this city.

Over 100 persons are stricken down in Muncie and there were eight new cases in that city yesterday. Are we doing anything to prevent it finding its way to this city? This question was asked of Mayor Zollinger this morning by a SENTINEL representative.

"I am sure I don't know," answered the mayor, "something ought to be done and I suppose Dr. Miller is looking after the matter. If he is not, he ought to be."

Dr. Miller was next seen and asked about the matter. "We are endeavoring to prevent the spread of the disease by keeping the city in a good sanitary condition," said the doctor.

"Do you not think something ought to be done to prevent people coming into this city from Muncie?" was asked.

"Yes, I do, and I have been watching the trains very closely."

The doctor admitted, however, that he could not make a personal inspection of every train, but stated that he would call upon the railroad people today and endeavor to get them to run through Muncie without stopping or to have a physician stationed at the depot at Muncie to inspect all passengers about to board the outgoing trains.

The opinions of a number of Fort Wayne physicians were sought for by THE SENTINEL.

Dr. George B. Stemen thought that everybody should be vaccinated and the incoming Muncie trains inspected.

Dr. W. H. Meyers thought we were in great danger of being visited by the plague unless more stringent measures were taken to quarantine against Muncie. "Everyone should be vaccinated," said the doctor.

Dr. Duemling thought some one should be at the Muncie trains to look after suspicious cases.

Dr. Keeler said: "I think a special effort should be made to keep out the disease, and now is the time to do it."

Dr. Enslen said: "Everybody should be vaccinated and Dr. Miller should be urged to pay close attention to the progress of the disease at Muncie and quarantine against it."

Dr. McOscar said physicians did not fear small pox like they used to, but did not want to see it get a foothold here."

The Indianapolis papers this morning say that a case of virulent smallpox has appeared in that city. The patient is an eleven-year-old girl named Thornburgh, who contracted the disease while visiting Muncie.

IN THE WRECK.

A Young Man in This City Narrowly Escapes.

He Was Hurled Out of the Baggage Car, but Did Not Receive a Scratch.

It is now known that one Fort Wayne man was in the awful wreck at Colehour yesterday. His name is Thomas Conrad and his home is with his mother at No. 193 Lafayette street. Tom is assistant baggagemaster, running between Chicago and Valparaiso on the milk train. He was hurled out of the car with awful force, but never received a scratch. He at once went to a telegraph office and wired to his mother in this city that he was all O. K. This was the first Mrs. Conrad had heard of him in a week. Tom is twenty-two years of age and is very popular. His many friends will rejoice in his miraculous escape. His name appears among the injured in the press dispatches but this is a mistake.

BADLY BURNED.

Miss Sadie Fleming Meets With an Accident.

A lace curtain at the home of Mrs William Fleming, 202 West Berry street, caught fire at 2 o'clock this morning, by being blown against a gas jet.

In attempting to extinguish it, Miss Sadie Fleming had her hair partially burned from her head.

A similar fire happened at the home of Mr. Sol Blair, 134 West Wayne street.

TRAIN ROBBER CONFESSES.

Jim Pennock, in Jail at St. Louis, Says He Led the Gang at Pacific, Mo.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 8.—The information was given out last night that the leader of the gang that held up the Frisco train at Pacific Tuesday night had confessed. Pennock was arrested on the scene of the robbery and has since been almost constantly subjected to the "sweater." Under this pressure he is said to have admitted that he led the gang. He implicates three others in the crime. Acting on this information the police arrested Sam Robinson, a railroad brakeman and friend and companion of Pennock. The police are looking for Muncie Ray, an ex-brakeman, and Jim Pennock's brother, both of whom were seen with Pennock the day of the raid.

BOYS IN BLUE

Take Their Departure for the Windy City.

They Leave Indianapolis in the Best of Humor, Pleased With the Hospitality of the City.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 8.—The boys in blue are heading for Chicago today, and at midnight very few of the thousands of soldiers that have had possession of the city since Monday will be still lingering behind. With one accord the visitors are enthusiastic in their praise of the admirable manner in which the city has handled the encampment. There has been food in abundance and ample sleeping accommodations. While not a solitary report of extortion has reached the citizens' committee. According to the reports of the various railroads, over three hundred thousand visitors had been brought to the city in the four days ending at noon of Thursday. The women's relief corps made an heroic effort last night to wind up the business of its convention, but too many delegates were primed with speeches that they were determined to get off and the effort failed. At 8 o'clock this morning the proceedings were resumed at the Roberts Park church, with a program of routine business to be disposed of.

TWELVE VICTIMS.

Wilson A. Turner Dies This Morning,

Swelling the List of Killed in the Colehour Disaster to an Even Dozen.

CHICAGO, Sept 8.—William A. Turner, colored cigar dealer of this city, who was injured in yesterday's wreck at Colehour, Ind., died at 5 o'clock this morning at Mercy hospital. With the death of Turner the number of those who lost their lives is increased to twelve. Ten bodies taken to the morgue at South Chicago have been identified, while one, that of a man thought to be stealing a ride on the baggage car of the express train, is yet unclaimed.

It is doubtful if he will be identified as his face is bruised and torn so as to be unrecognizable. Three of the injured in the wreck, who were taken to Mercy hospital, had so far recovered this morning that they were taken away by friends and started for their homes. They were Henry Kline, of Purcell Station, Ind., Charles Lychte, and Henry Hagemeyer, both farmers, of Frecländsville, Ind.

BACK DOWN OR STRIKE

Is the Situation in St. Paul Railway Affairs.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 8.—If the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad company insists on cutting wages there will be a strike of the 6,000 employes in the operating department. This is the decision of the grievance committee of the Brotherhood of Trainmen, after a conference with Grand Chief Sargent, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, who was also delegated by Chief Arthur of the Engineers, and Weeks, of the Brakemen.

BLOUNT'S SUCCESSOR.

Albert C. Willis Named for the Position.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—It is understood that the president will nominate ex-Congressman Albert C. Willis, of Louisville, Ky., as minister to Hawaii, to succeed Mr. Blount.

NEW TRACK RECORD.

Nancy Hanks Trots a Mile in 2:04 3-4 Easy.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 8.—Nancy Hanks trotted a mile here yesterday against time for a purse of $5,000 in 2:04¾, which she made easily.

Ex-Secretary Foster's Affairs.

FOSTORIA, Ohio, Sept. 8.—The long, long looked for personal statement of Charles Foster was given out yesterday afternoon. His assets are placed at $622,810, the appraised value of which is $314,259. The liabilities are $720,000. Mr. Foster has mining and other interests of more or less value that have not been considered by the appraisers. He has liabilities other than the amount given, which are of a contingent nature.

Night before last thieves broke into Briggeman's butcher shop on Creighton avenue and stole two shoulders of beef.

The Misses Mildred and Gracie Titus, of Buchanan street, are among the Fort Wayneites who are doing the white city.

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, the American explorer, has just made his first contribution to the geography of a hitherto totally unknown part of Africa. During his last voyage of exploration he started from the mouth of the Tana River, in East Africa, and for sixty-five days visited a region that had been wholly unknown to explorers.

[illegible] young man finds out that records are not the only things that are broken on race tracks [illegible]

Base ball tomorrow, Chillicothe vs. Fort Wayne, Lakeside Park. 8-24

Tomorrow is the last day to pay natural gas bills without penalty.

THE INSANITY DODGE

Will be Pleaded by Clara Welker in Her Murder Case.

Joe Deal and Hugh Crye, Jr., Indicted for Murder—New Trial Wanted in the Ida Weaver Case.

Miss Clara Welker, the girl who gave birth to a baby in this city and afterwards murdered it by throwing the infant from a Pittsburg railroad train, will attempt to clear herself from the responsibility for the crime by pleading insanity.

She is in jail at Lima, Ohio. Her bail was fixed at $10,000, and this amount her father was unable to secure, it being beyond his own resources.

The confinement of her prison life and the worry is telling on the woman and her once handsome face is now drawn and haggard. She appears not to realize the enormity of the crime which she committed.

Her attorney has visited her a number of times and has decided on putting in a plea of insanity for the girl when her case comes up in the courts.

GRAND JURY INDICTMENTS.

The grand jury returned several indictments to Judge O'Rourke in the circuit court. The most important case investigated was the Edgerton double murder and in this only two indictments were returned. The indictments handed in by them to the court were as follows:

Joseph Deal, murder in the first degree for killing Hugh Crye, sr.

Hugh Crye, jr., murder in the first degree for killing Leonidas Boyer.

Horace Ray, burglary and larceny. The crime was committed at the home of Corwin Bean.

Samuel Johnson, larceny, for entering the home of James Ralley, of Lake township, during the day time and stealing.

William Clark, commonly known as "Nobby" Clark, larceny, for stealing $15 from a Mr. Anderson in the Rich hotel saloon.

William Freel, Charles Hawkins, Carl Goodpasture, Solomon Goodpasture and Grant Betts, larceny. The men are charged with stealing $109 from the home of Herman Scoville, in Scipio township.

TAKEN TO THE POOR HOUSE.

Humane Officer Schlaudroff took Mrs. Julia Gridley to the county poor house this morning and she will remain there, at least until her mind recovers or she is sent to the Richmond asylum.

She is over eighty years of age and has been making her home with her daughter, who lives in this city. For some time past it has been impossible to control her and she wanders away from home repeatedly.

The officer also took the children of Mrs. Pyle to the Home of Emergency.

STOLE RAILROAD TICKETS.

Some time Wednesday morning a couple of tickets were taken from the ticket office of the Nickel Plate road in this city. They were from Fort Wayne to Bellevue, and turned up yesterday afternoon, but involved a couple of young men in trouble. During the afternoon a young man, Fred Gumpper, appeared at Kunner's ticket office and offered to dispose of a couple of tickets over the Nickel Plate. They were identified as the tickets stolen. Young Gumpper says he received the tickets from another boy who wanted him to sell them, saying that he could have all he got over $2. Gumpper was arrested and before Justice France, the prosecutor filed affidavits against him for malicious trespass and defacing railroad tickets. To this charge the defendant will propably plead guilty.

WANTS A NEW TRIAL.

A few weeks ago Ida Weaver received a judgment in the superior court against W. B. Phillips, the laundryman, for $1,900 for an injury received to her hand while operating machinery. A motion for a new trial was heard today before Special Judge Harry Hanna. It is claimed the verdict was excessive.

COMMISSION IN LUNACY.

A commission of lunacy, consisting of Drs. A. I. Boswell and George C. Stemen and Justices France and McDaniels, today sat on the case of Mrs. Sarah Lee, wife of ex-Policeman George Lee, who was charged with being insane and dangerous to be at large, the affidavit being sworn to by Hattie Kramer. Mrs Lee was an habitual morphine eater and in the last two months had eaten eleven bottles of the deadly drug. The witnesses stated that Mrs. Lee had often threatened to take her own life and not long since made an attempt to hang herself. At times she threatened the lives of her friends until they had come to fear her. N. D. Doughman appeared in the interest of Mrs. Lee and E. V. Emrick for Mrs Kramer. The evidence has all been heard, but the commission will not return their verdict until tomorrow.

[illegible]

Jacob Hart and Florence Cutshall have been licensed to wed.

Justice France is hearing the case of Oscar W. Nestel against Belle Poirer and Sarah Eldred for [illegible]

In the circuit court James P. W. Boyd was granted a divorce from Jean A. Boyd, and Flora Leen was legally separated from Michael Leen.

The county commissioners were yesterday engaged in road business. The viewers on the Anspach road, in Jackson township, reported and the road was established, as was also the Gilbert road in the same township. The report of the viewers on the Erwe road, in Washington township, was accepted and the road was refused, while the report of the viewers on the Heiney road, in Adams township, was accepted and the road established, provided the petitioners pay the damages assessed within ninety days. In the case of the Gephart road a remonstrance was filed, and A. W. Gregg, Henry Hartman and August Peepe were appointed viewers.

The supreme court will convene on September 19. The test suit of the fee and salary law, on appeal from the Marion superior court, has been advanced on the docket, and will be passed upon by the court a short time after the term opens. The test suit of the law authorizing county commissioners to increase the pay of circuit judges, on appeal from Vigo county, has also been advanced. The dockets of the supreme and appellate courts have been growing slowly for the last month.

The suit in the United States court against the city of Elwood for an order restraining the city from interfering with the tracks of the railroad company has been dismissed by agreement. Under the agreement the city pays all the costs in the case. The tracks of the company will not be disturbed.

Hiram Palmer was divorced five years ago in the circuit court. He has now commenced suit in Justice Wilkinson's court to recover possession of household goods held by his former wife, known as Mrs. Sarah Shutt. The goods in question were in litigation at the time of the divorce.

BIG ROBBERY.

One Hundred Dollars, Worth of Meat Stolen.

Thieves Break Into an Armour Refrigerator Car and Carry off Plunder by the Wholesale.

A bold robbery of $100 worth of dressed meat from an Armour refrigerator car occurred last night, either in the Wabash freight yards of this city or off the road between this city and Huntington. For some time past the Armour Packing company, of Chicago, have been sending a car of dressed meat to this city ever week. Some times the cars arrive here over one road or sometime over another. An agent accompanies the car and what meats are not sold along the road in the smaller towns are closed out here. Last night car 7331 came in over the Wabash road and was run onto the sidetrack about 9 o'clock. This morning when the agent went to examine the car he found the door had been pulled open and a large quantity of meat taken out. He at once reported his loss to the company and the police were notified. The officers think the meat must have been stolen while en route to this city. The beef must have been hauled off in a wagon. The car had been sealed, but the bolts had not been properly fastened.

LIEUT. LAPP TALKS.

Lieutenant Henry Lapp, of the city police force, said to a SENTINEL representative this morning that he believed the citizens did not co-operate sufficiently with the police force in ferriting out crime and capturing criminals. "Many robberies occur," said the lieutenant, "which are not reported to us at all, and others are reported to the department at so late a date as to be of little value to the police. The day force is not large and it keeps the men hustling to get over their beats."

CARRIAGE SHOP ENTERED.

The other night burglars entered the Smith Carriage and Cart company's establishment at 11 and 13 Clay street. They removed a pane of glass and took a number of tools, presumably for the purpose of using them to break into other houses.

STREET CAR STRIKE

At Indianapolis Because Two Dishonest Conductors Are Discharged.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 8.—General Manager McLean, of the Citizens' Street Railway company, yesterday discharged Conductors Keefe and Alexander, running on the College avenue electric line, for alleged dishonesty, and a few moments later a strike was inaugurated and every car of the line was run into the stables and business was entirely suspended.

At 7.30 o'clock last night the strikers consented to bring out the cars in consideration of the general desire to witness the closing pageant of the encampment, controlled in part, too, by the indignation which their acts had excited in disappointing so many who wanted to see the sights. The strikers would not agree to anything further than the accommodation of the citizens last night and expected that the lines will be tied up today.

RAILROAD WRECK.

Several Persons Injured by an Accident in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 8.—A passenger train and a freight on the Rock Island road met heads near Albright, nine miles from this city, yesterday completely wrecking both engines and reducing to kindling wood the mail and baggage cars and the smoker, besides a dozen box cars. Dr. H. H. McIntyre, a world's fair commissioner from Randolph, Vt., was injured in the right leg and [illegible]. Four other passengers [illegible] slightly hurt and Mail Clerk Miller received injuries which it is feared will prove fatal. Blame for the collision has not yet been located. The trainmen jumped and saved their lives.

Base ball tomorrow, Chillicothe vs. Fort Wayne, Lakeside Park. 8-24

Trains and Time Tables.

[illegible]

Valparaiso [illegible]
New York [illegible]
[illegible]

THE WABASH LINE. Trains Carrying Passengers Leave FORT WAYNE. [illegible]

New York and Boston [illegible]	[illegible]
Toledo Express [illegible]	[illegible]
Atlantic Express [illegible]	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]
Pacific Express [illegible]	[illegible]
Kansas City Ex [illegible]	[illegible]
Lafayette Accommodation [illegible]	[illegible]
St. Louis Limited [illegible]	[illegible]

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

For Grand Rapids [illegible]	[illegible]
For Grand Rapids [illegible]	[illegible]
From Richmond [illegible]	[illegible]
For Richmond and Cincinnati	[illegible]
from Grand Rapids	[illegible]

All other trains daily except Sunday.

LAKESHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

No. 12 Way Freight	[illegible]
No. 15 Detroit Express and Mail	[illegible]
No. 18 Detroit & Toledo Express	[illegible]
No. 3 Way Freight	[illegible]
No. 7 Through Express and Mail	[illegible]
No. 20 Detroit & Indianapolis Ex.	[illegible]

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

EAST.	Arr.	Dep.
N. Y. & Boston Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland Mail	[illegible]	[illegible]
Eastern Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]	[illegible]
WEST.	**Arr.**	**Dep.**
Chicago Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago Mail	[illegible]	[illegible]
Western Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]	[illegible]

All trains run daily except local freights, which run daily except Sunday. Through sleeping cars to Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Superb dining cars. Through tickets to all points are on sale and baggage checked to destination.

B. F. Horner, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cleve., O.
F. W. Luce, Pass. & Ticket Agt., Fort Wayne.
M. J. Burr, City Ticket Agt., Il Calhoun St.

FT. W., C. & L. R. R. AND L. E. & W. R. R.

No. 40 Passenger	Arrives 11 45 am
No. 142 Passenger	[illegible]
No. 150 Local	[illegible]
SOUTH BOUND—LEAVE FORT WAYNE.	
No. 141 Passenger	Leaves 7 20 am
No. 143 Passenger	[illegible]
No. 147 Local	[illegible]

Daily except Sunday.

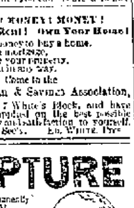
MISCELLANEOUS.

MONEY TO LOAN—The Tri-State Building and Loan Association will loan from money to pay mortgages, build your homes at a less rate than anyone else. Do not pay rent or a high rate of interest when you can get the money of the Tri-State Building and Loan Association at a low rate, at 6 per cent easy terms. One thousand dollars at $12.50 or $17 per month to the borrower. Call at the office of the association, rooms 12 and 13 Pixley and Long block, and secure full particulars.

THE LAND AND IMPROVEMENT CO. want to build one hundred new houses in Lakeside this year. [illegible] Mr. George W. Pixley, or the secretary, Mr. Wilding, and inquire as to these by monthly payments which you can secure a home.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!
Stop Paying Rent! Own Your Home!
If you want money to buy a home.
Or to pay off a mortgage.
Or to improve your property.
Or to help you in any way.
Come to the
Allen Co. Loan & Savings Association,
Rooms 6 and 7 White's Block, and have your wants supplied on the best possible terms for safety and satisfaction to yourself.
T. C. Rogers, Sec'y. Ed. White, Pres.

RUPTURE

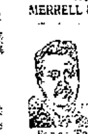


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No Pain
No Cutting
No Operation
No Blood Drawn
No Loss of Time
No Names Published
NO PAY Until CURED
40 Years of Success.
Call or write. Examination Free. Book Free.
THE DR. J. A. CUMINGOR CO.,
White Bank Building, Fort Wayne, Ind.
N. B.—Dr. Cumingor has been Dean of the Medical College of Indiana, Surgeon in the United States Army, Prof. of Surgery in the Medical College of Indiana and the Central College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Surgeon General of the State of Indiana.



None Such CONDENSED Mince Meat

Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations and insist on having the NONE SUCH brand.
MERRELL & SOULE, Syracuse, N. Y.



JOHNSON'S ORIENTAL SOAP

THE GREAT SKIN CURE AND FACE BEAUTIFIER.
Medicated and Toilet.
[illegible]
GROSS & PELLENS, Druggists and Sole Agents, 84 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

G. W. BRUNS & CO.
PLUMBERS.
Agents for the Gordon Self-Heating [illegible]
155 CALHOUN STREET.

Fort Wayne Sentinel

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.
FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1893.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.

[illegible]

TONIGHT.

NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Festival and Fair.

HEBREW TEMPLE—Religious services.

LODGES—Sons of Columbus. A. O. U. W. No. 19. Royal Arcanum; Concordia lodge, No. 11, D. of R.; Summit City Encampment No. 16, I. O. O. F.; Summit City lodge, No. 170, F. and A. M.

TRADES UNIONS—Car Inspectors.

Will Close Then.

It will only be a little more than seven weeks now until the question of Sunday closing at the world's fair will be finally settled.

Oh, for a Big Rain!

Oh, for a drenching rain—something after the days of Noah kind! The continued drought is too much of a bad thing. When is it going to let up?

Stick to the Same.

Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, has declined a renomination, but his name is fascinating to the democrats, and it is not unlikely that they will put up John Edward Russell in his place.

Not a Lusty Infant.

The total tin plate production of the United States in the nine months ended March 31, last, was thirty four and a half million pounds. The total tin plate importations in the same time was 470 million pounds. Mr. McKinley's pet is still far from being a lusty infant.

Insult to Christians.

The Chicago Times insults the Protestant and Catholic delegates who attended the religious congresses held in that city by calling them "religious cranks." The Times panders to the tastes of the most vicious element in the world's fair city and it is not strange that it has such opinions of Christianity. The Times is run on the [illegible] order. Its proprietor, Carter Harrison, was elected mayor of Chicago by the bummers and anarchists.

Truth Brought Home.

The men who do not advertise receive an object lesson once in a while that ought to set them to thinking. One of our exchanges tells the story of a peddler who canvassed a certain town selling stone coffee pots. The wife of a hardware man bought one. When her husband came home to dinner she told him what a nice coffee pot she had bought. He looked at it for a full minute and then asked: "How much did you pay for it?" She told him. "Well," said he, "you are a bright one, you are. I have had that very article on sale in my store for more than a year and you could have got it there for half the sum you paid that peddler." "You have?" said the wife, "well, I didn't know it; why in the name of sense didn't you advertise it? You're the bright one, that's what you are." And the husband began to whistle Anna Rooney and didn't say another word.

An Important Precedent.

The action of Governor Matthews in ordering several companies of militia to assist in enforcing the laws of the state may prove to be an important and valuable precedent. It is believed to be the first instance in which the governor of any state has, of his own motion, ordered out the militia to assist in the enforcement of law without a previous appeal from the local authorities.

"The general opinion," says the Indianapolis Journal, "has been that the governor could only order out the militia on the application of local authorities after their own power had been exhausted. This has been, until now, the invariable practice, but the Journal has persistently maintained that the power of the governor was not so limited. The constitution makes it his duty to see that the laws are enforced, and it nowhere intimates that his duty in this regard is dependent on an application from local authorities. If this were the case it would be possible for the local authorities in different counties to enter into a combination to shut their eyes to violations of law, refusing either to enforce it or ask the governor to do so, and thereby bring about practical anarchy. The constitution supposes, of course that the local authorities will do their duty in the enforcement of the law, but in case they refuse or fail to do so, it becomes the duty of the governor, as the chief executive with paramount power in every county, to do so. This is the view of the case which the Journal has taken from the beginning and which the governor has finally adopted. It ought to be adopted in all similar cases and by the governors of all the states. The people want the laws enforced, and they have not much patience with that kind of constitutional construction which ties the hands of the authorities and frees those of lawbreakers."

Henceforth let it be understood that the good name of an entire state is not at the mercy of corrupt or incompetent local officials, but that when occasion requires the governor may step in and assert his constitutional right to see that the law is enforced in every county of the state.

THE KISS OF GOLD

KATE JORDAN.

[illegible]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER I.

It was the day after Tom Murray's [illegible]

He stood [illegible] undergraduate [illegible] dusty [illegible] theater programs and dog [illegible] stood on the floor [illegible]

Tom was entirely [illegible] of [illegible] with him, but he could not [illegible]

[illegible] not markedly showing it in appearance and temperament.

The thick, kangaroo gold [illegible] over his forehead was [illegible] and as [illegible] There was a striking unlikeness between his [illegible] blue eyes and swarthy skin. [illegible] remarkably compressed [illegible] almost opaque. [illegible] could make the [illegible] brilliant, blue flash, then dissolve [illegible] and the shadow fall again. His mouth was like a brave woman's, full and finely curved, and his merry smile showed [illegible] A state of youthful figure [illegible] steady strides that carried him unerringly for long distances, told of a wonderful reserve of strength. He was the Irishman of [illegible] without a touch of the [illegible] Although American born, there was probably [illegible] between [illegible] the coast of Galway.

A warning sun ray shot across the eyelids and [illegible] until him like a needle of gold, piercing the dusty dimness of the room, before he turned the key in the trunk.

"It's getting late. There's not a minute to spare." And pulling out his watch he gave a look to the clock beside him when he had flung the long sleeved alpaca gown and Oxford cap worn by the theological students in Chelsea square.

There lay the whole story of his revolt. He had thrown them off.

Not for an hour, nor for a night, to find them awaiting him in the morning, but forever. Until yesterday he had worn those things as the insignia of a holy calling. They were no more to him now than to a [illegible] the king who has abdicated.

"Poor old dad! He did want to see me in the pulpit. The picture I had taken in these togs—how he loved it! Well, it's all over for me. Goodby has been said to every one. It's all over for him too. I couldn't pain him so if he were living."

He started up and took a turn around the room, his eyes softening with feeling.

"I wonder if he knows I've cut it all—surplice and psalter, fasting and praying. I wonder if he cares—now!" And Tom thought of a new made grave in a western state.

"Perhaps he knows better than I could have told him in life," and he felt his heart swelling, "that I wanted to please him, but I couldn't—couldn't do it—because of the something within me that tugged and protested and pleaded. Perhaps he knows."

The depression was short lived. Laughter closely follows sighing when one is only 26, clean of heart and conscience and blessed—or cursed maybe—with the mercurial temperament, the gay irresponsibility that in a crisis of life slips so easily into a plausible kind of selfishness.

Tom gave a vigorous shake of his long legs and commenced brushing his hair as if his life depended on getting out its obstinate wave, whistling as he worked.

To be sure, he had very little of his father's small patrimony left, and a very misty future stretched before him, but the world was brighter today than it had been in years. He need do violence to his inclinations no more. It was all ended now—all that life whose demands his soul had resisted, under which his rebellious heart had strained. How he had hated the monotony of it! He a preacher, when he so loved the world and the things thereof! What a mistake it had been!

During the two years spent in the old college hidden in a green, far western corner of Twentieth street he had formed no friendships. He was that marvelous, isolated being, a college man without a chum. The interests of his companions were necessarily clerical. His thoughts had been elsewhere, his burning desire centered upon success, but by a path that wandered far from the hush and sanctity of the church.

And yet there were some things of the life renounced which the artist in him would miss. The flow of music in the little chapel—how often he had likened the quivering intensity of those organ notes to the throbbing of his own passionate heart—the altar sparkling like an opal under the candle light on saints' days; the twilight that met one softly in the refectory; the while the chimes rose in happier [illegible] as the darkness deepened. Yes, the memory of these would remain with him forever.

At 5 o'clock he turned into Broadway. The stream of late afternoon loungers thronged that roadway of fashion. He braced himself and looked around with keen, observant eyes, for to him who knows the town and loves it it unfolds a tale of never failing, never ending charm. Tom felt a [illegible] the crowds and [illegible] of the city and life. [illegible] A beautiful woman's [illegible] He was really [illegible] to [illegible]

When he [illegible] It [illegible] stopped his [illegible] small door [illegible]

"I [illegible] Isn't Mr. Plunket [illegible]"

He [illegible] come today at 5?"

[illegible] partly [illegible] He [illegible]

[illegible] Pincus [illegible] at [illegible] Can I [illegible] the expectation of [illegible] was a [illegible] for hours, [illegible] turned [illegible] back of a quarter of a [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] "Not his [illegible] and [illegible] as [illegible] was [illegible]

But he had little time to [illegible] as to the final answer. Surely his play was accepted, else it would have been returned with an abrupt line of refusal or a chilling silence, as many others had been. And yet—and yet—he must not hope, or the blow, if it came, would fall too heavily. Alterations might be suggested or its appearance postponed for a year, or the man might be overcrowded and had sent for him merely to tell him of a better market for it. A pronounced and positive success was too sweet a dream.

These confused and bursting surmises all melted into a breathless anxiety as he found himself facing the manager, who bulged with fat, good humored importance, waiting for him to speak.

"I sent you a play a few weeks ago. You wrote me to come in today."

"Yes, to be sure," brightly. "You're Mr. Dupont. Take a chair."

"No, my name's Murray, and the play was 'A Family Failing.'"

Mr. Plunket permitted one of his red eyebrows to move slowly toward his chair.

"I wrote you to come?" Then he paused, pursed up his lips, flopped his watch chain. "You're mistaken, ain't you?"

A chill crept over Tom and moved under the roots of his hair. Had he been mistaken? Had there been a mistake?

"I didn't bring the letter with me. But you asked me to call today at 5 relative to my play."

Without changing his position Mr. Plunket held out one fat white hand where a huge cat's eye winked and glinted.

"Hand me that paper, Rooney. 'A Family Failing!' Now, let's see," and the point of the brightly polished nail glanced down a list. "Ah, yes, of course. It's been declined. Didn't you get it back?"

"No," was all Tom could say.

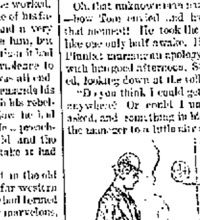
"Rooney, look in that upper drawer. You made a mistake in writing Mr.—er—Mr. Murray a letter. You're getting so dorned careless I believe you're in love, upon my soul."

Rooney colored and stuck his pen behind his ear.

"Yes, sir, I guess I did. I meant to send it to Mr. Dupont about 'His Aunt's Legacy.' Here's the gentleman's play, sir."

Oh, that unknown favored Dupont—how Tom envied and hated him in that moment! He took the manuscript like one only half awake. He heard Mr. Plunket murmur an apology and briskly wish him good afternoon. Still he lingered, looking down at the roll of paper.

"Do you think I could get it accepted anywhere? Or could I improve it?" he asked, and something in his face moved the manager to a little pity and patience.



"Do you think I could get it accepted anywhere?"

"I looked through it. The first scene told me it wouldn't do. You want the truth, and I'll give it to you: sentiment be hung! It's fairly good as far as style goes. You might turn it into a novel. But we want more than style on the stage. We want action—we want life," and warming to his subject Mr. Plunket threw one ponderous leg over the arm of his chair. "We want situations—quick, but smoothly and intensely worked with interest that a crowded house holds its breath to see them develop. If you can't do that—and it's very uncommon—you can't—write a rattling drama. I couldn't use it, of course, but you'll find [illegible] take it off your hands [illegible]

"Scale your ambitions with the three story [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] or [illegible] with some [illegible] Take my [illegible] Tomorrow [illegible] now, if you [illegible] few years [illegible] get [illegible] piece of [illegible] I will [illegible] I tell you, I'll [illegible] spit [illegible] blood, and I'll feel a place [illegible] off [illegible] get [illegible] rags, I can tell you. It would be better if most of the young aspiring dramatists threw their pens in the river, went home and settled down to a quiet existence. [illegible] To be frank—I say it [illegible] for your own good—few [illegible] stuff such as you have to be pretty [illegible]

[illegible] Tom [illegible] Tom [illegible] He [illegible] had so [illegible] He [illegible] eyes, a [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] He had been a fool, the [illegible] weak [illegible] dreamer.

"Oh, [illegible] the [illegible] of help [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] contemplation of him [illegible] it [illegible] who have known [illegible] having been tested for one moment [illegible]

"How can I tell Virginia?" was his weary thought.

CHAPTER II.

[illegible] the [illegible] windows opening on a low balcony and beyond the sloping grass [illegible] square. It was [illegible] enough to meet the [illegible] gardens [illegible] leaving the faded [illegible] decorations of an earlier period. The [illegible] from which the polish had long departed [illegible] the swirled [illegible] had undoubtedly [illegible] the earth had known the [illegible] period.

But [illegible] in the [illegible] when [illegible] before the [illegible] to [illegible] long before any one dreamed that it would be [illegible] finger of [illegible] perfect [illegible] first [illegible] to poverty, would one day steal [illegible] the color from [illegible] and convert the [illegible] into flowers for separate families.

The glare from the west turned the [illegible] pattern on the cotton curtains into copper. Against them a girl leaned, glorified by the warm splendor. Her arms were folded restfully on her breast. Her gaze was fastened on the gray college buildings opposite and the green close which gave such an old world touch to the street. A deep sparkle rested in her eyes. She was thoughtful and sometimes threw a glance down the tree lined pavement, where the lights in the street lamps were beginning to tremble in a network of leaves.

Two students, arm in arm, fluttered past in their quaint gowns and looked up at her window. They were talking of Tom. She knew it. They were saying unkind things of him. Perhaps they were sneering at what they called his folly, his audacious worldliness.

Virginia threw back her head and a confident smile lit up her gleaming lips. How they would retract it all one day! For Tom was not like them. He was an outcast, only maddened by rig[illegible] conventions.

It had come to live with them for the [illegible] 11 young face and [illegible] brighten up the place! [illegible] so lonely and quiet [illegible] A vision of winter [illegible] a ruddy fire, of delicious [illegible] evenings on the [illegible] before her mind. They would be happy, she knew.

A [illegible] from the table set for dinner [illegible] yellow keyed melodeon stood, and here Virginia impulsively seated herself. Her fingers flicked over the keys, the melody filled the room, the haunting light swam in her raised eyes and raised her lifted chin.

There was a subtle fire, a winning softness, in the face. The hazel green eyes glanced with intense life, a mysterious smile clung to the lips so proudly cut. Her brown hair, holding the gleaming russet tone seen in some dying leaves, was drawn up to the crown, where a fluffy knot gave a chic, stately touch to her small head. In charming consonance with this warm brunette coloring her skin was a pale, transparent olive. She was tall, her figure youthful, independent, her personality breathing a magnetic strength.

And as she played there, translating the triumphant beauty of her dreams into harmony—dreams that widened her narrow life and fed her soul—Tom entered unheard. The sonorous chorus found an echo in his heart. Pale beyond words, he stood quite still until Virginia turned to him.

There was no need for speech. She, who knew his every expression, read the truth in his face. It was pinched with the pathetic revolt of the unsuccessful.

She was beside him in a second.

"I've been waiting for you, Tom."

Oh, to press her cheek in a vehement caress against his arm—he looked so worn, so desperate! Oh, to whisper that his pain was hers, for she loved him, loved him! But instead she could only stand mutely there, her very heart melting within her.

"I have failed," he broke forth in a passionate, trembling whisper. "I am mad, Virginia. I could tear myself to pieces."

He walked to the window and for a moment hid his face on his arm. But she did not stir save to lean her open palms upon the table, as if bracing herself to speak to him when the first strength of his stormy despair had died.

"Look," he muttered wildly, tearing the coiled manuscript from an inner pocket, "here it is, pressing like a stone against my heart. When I went into the theater, Virginia, I felt almost as if I had conquered. When I came out, I walked the streets blind. I was conscious of nothing but an awful ache and coldness."

A single hour of intense feeling passed over Virginia's face. Dare she alter the truth if it harmed her? It might seem cruel to him now, but in the end it would be merciful.

She moved to [illegible] the last bars of daylight fell upon her face. Her eyes met his.

"Why do you despair so easily?" she asked clearly. "You are building castles in the air, and because one does not yield her treasures into your hand, you give up without taking your full share of the coldness. Success is worth more than that, Tom, or it's worth nothing."

"For my first asking," he stammered hotly. "It's the my first play!"

"But in writing the others you only served an apprenticeship. They were weak and false—no, don't look angry. Let me tell you the truth now and help you if I can. Did you write of anything you knew or felt? Did you look into your own heart and write? No, Tom, not even in this one did you do that. It is better than the others, but still only a superficial study. Write of life, Tom, dear," she said, and coming still nearer to him, laid her little hands around his arm, her accents sounding it speed on the silence. "Life!—it is the watchword of the new school."

"You didn't say this before. You let me plan and build like the conceited idiot I was."

Tom turned away to blind, unreasoning rage. The kindest critic had gone over to the enemy. If he had come to [illegible] a physical wound [illegible] struck him in the face [illegible] not have proved more awful than this [illegible] woman he [illegible]

"Would it have been better, I wonder?" [illegible] But as you [illegible] I [illegible] you loved it. One [illegible] to [illegible] I could [illegible] [illegible] I couldn't [illegible] she [illegible] and waited."

She paused and [illegible] How [illegible] her eyes [illegible]

"Now it has failed as [illegible] what of that? I know you [illegible] have [illegible] and I say that when you have fought a [illegible] battles and [illegible] when you have reached [illegible] and women [illegible] some day you will [illegible] I know [illegible] Tom."

He could not [illegible] but the [illegible] with a swift [illegible] Something in her voice [illegible] his heart [illegible] of force [illegible]

"I believe in you, Tom. [illegible] A forecast of triumph [illegible]

There was not [illegible] sounded to them [illegible] "At [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]

What she saw [illegible] strained [illegible]

He was [illegible] pink on [illegible] told in [illegible] which [illegible] Sixty years of life had whitened the hair falling like floss from a [illegible] he did not [illegible] could [illegible] His chin [illegible] and never [illegible] that fierce premonitory tremors [illegible] looked for moments over his frame.

His clothes were soiled and [illegible] usual. A cream colored coat, worn at the seams, but still [illegible] fitted lightly, laggishly at the waist and fell in a [illegible] frock to the knees. A long [illegible] was folded across his breast after the manner of a shawl. He belonged to the past quite as much as the house he lived in. As he swayed uncertainly in the doorway he seemed to have stepped from a forgotten canvas to be for a single moment embodied in the lamplight.

"Ah, Tom," and he waved his hand unsteadily. "So you have come over to us! Welcome! A guest beneath my roof is always welcome. Eh, Virginia? Why don't you smile and say yes? If we are poor, my girl, we know what we, nobly means. We know that a crust may be divided among friends and taste the sweeter for it. As sure as sure's my name is Rufus Kent I'd rather—I'd rather, by heaven, sit down with a friend—mind, with a friend, that's the point—to a dinner of herbs than in solitary magnificence before a stalled ox. My sentiments, young man. As Touchstone says, 'A poor thing, but my own.'"



"A guest beneath my roof is always welcome."

Tom took the proffered hand in its faultless glove and gave it a rough grip.

"Your guest!" he was thinking. "You old scamp! You don't know that nearly every penny of your beggarly annuity goes to buy your clothes and whisky, that Virginia does copying and painting when you are asleep, and wears one gown month in and month out that the bills may be paid; that my weekly payment for bed and board will be more than acceptable. You don't know it, and—no matter what Virginia says—I think you wouldn't care a hang if you did. If you had your deserts, you'd have been pitched in the river long ago."

Somehow his own failure made him unusually bitter to Mr. Kent's shortcomings. The world's hard knocks may eventually teach resignation, but who can say that while the bruise is aching the brute within us does not snarl?

As the old man kissed Virginia on the forehead, a pathetic paternity's overlying of the theatrical in the caress, he did not dream how intensely Tom longed to call him a few hard names in sound Anglo Saxon.

He stumbled a little and sank into the most comfortable chair, his heavy eyes half closing.

"Tea! Ah, what is more grateful to a tired body than a cup of tea!" This was a staple remark, always delivered with gusto by Mr. Kent after a lengthy communion with mixed drinks. "The fragrance of it! The savory of home is exhaled from a cup of tea. But—I hope, my dear, you have something else. A chop or a bit of salad."

Virginia watched him as he looked across the tips of his delicate fingers in fuddled meditation and felt her face burn. Her joyous anticipations of the first night spent together had been deplorably unmet. Tom was discouraged and silent, half angry with her and enraged at the world. Her father had returned after one of his "bad days," when the remembrance of all he had missed and lost stung him to trial and perhaps to find a place of [illegible] apart in the hazy enchantment offered by strong liquor.

Ah, there was hope for Tom. He would forget this disappointment. He would join the [illegible] He had still a lance to throw. But poor old dad! Perhaps she did not half guess what thoughts tortured him. She knew his annuity trickled through his fingers now in small personal extravagances just as the thousands had gone when she was a little child, but she could not blame him.

To dress presentably and drop in upon old friends for a chat and a glass of port, sometimes to dine with them in the club where once he had shone with unequaled brilliancy or to pay for an orchestra chair when an old comedy was presented were the surviving joys of his decadence. His friends did not know in what corner of the town he had hidden himself, did not remember he had a daughter. Frequently he forgot that fact himself. And meanwhile Virginia worked and saved, stealing only odd moments for her creative and music, practicing depressing economies that robbed her cheeks of color and sometimes gave to her deep eyes an expression of fear.

But she loved the old man. Her pity for what she termed his misfortunes made her tender to his faults. Not so Tom, who had watched the genial little [illegible] for two years. The [illegible] [illegible] with a [illegible] air with a voice of [illegible] dignity [illegible] [illegible] his native genius [illegible]

Tom threw himself on a lounge and [illegible] from the lamp [illegible] Virginia, [illegible] from cupboard to table, noted the streak of wavering pink staining her back. How [illegible] with which she hurried [illegible] to [illegible] his [illegible] request.

"Ah, Virginia, how [illegible] I you are!" [illegible] a flood of passion [illegible] a deep, warm pity rushing into his heart.

And he had been impatient with her for telling him an unpalatable truth, had [illegible] that it [illegible] from her lips. He [illegible] had he forgotten how often he had [illegible] in the face of despair?

His repentance [illegible] quick as [illegible] the desire to make amends tormenting, maddening. He wanted to tell her what a brute he felt himself. He was conscious of a sudden warm impulse to fold her in his arms and comfort her.

The play and [illegible] sense of worth! What a [illegible] at [illegible] always [illegible] Virginia's young figure, the subdued expression of her proud little mouth, the dauntless pose of her head appealed to him, awaking the instinct of protection until it throbbed an importunate fire in his heart.

"If I could help her!" he thought, with savage longing.

While regarding her more intently than he knew, her eyes, those lovely eyes more green than brown and tonight more golden than green, met his in a questioning, entreating fashion, and the look stirred him strangely. A warm flood painted over his heart. His veins pulsed heavily with an incomprehensible fever never known before, and the pain of it was nervous and sweet.

As he had felt for a brief moment when her hand lay by her side in the mysterious twilight, so he felt now, only the strangeness, the pain, the delight, were intensified a hundredfold. He drew his breath with a feeling of awe.

After dinner he sat down to read. It was useless. His heartbeats were hot and thick. A medley of indefinite speculations crept between him and the printed page.

He threw himself upon his bed and tried to think what he should do, now that he had forsworn the ministry and the possibility of success as a dramatist had shriveled under that day's blight. But that was useless too. He started to his elbow and looked with excited eyes into the darkness.

He felt he was not alone. It was as if a presence stood at his side, a new truth upon its lips, a gift within its hand.

"Do you not know me?" a voice of crystal sweetness seemed to whisper. "I come to all men sooner or later. I come find me early and some when youth is gone. I come by strange ways. I weave strange spells. The heart that once feels my lava touch is never the same again. There is naught to withstand me. For I am Love."

CHAPTER III.

It was close upon 11 when at length he quitted the house. The mood of the night had changed. A light drizzle filled the air. A red vapor rolled across the sky, broken in places and giving glimpses of deeper murkiness beyond. Fog horns bellowed from the river. Freight trains like dingy serpents crawled past the western boundary of the college campus and went hissing into the fog. He paused irresolute for a moment after the gate clanged behind him, then crossed the street and entered the college grounds.

An unquiet spirit possessed him as he strode along the familiar paths. He was only a trespasser in this place where hitherto he had roamed at will, but whether he was seen or not was of little consequence. He had escaped from his quiet room into the wet, misty darkness to question himself. The vapor that girdled every tree in ghostly robes, the light sweep of the wind passing his ear like a woman's sigh, the peace here and the reminders of life on the river and market places beyond were all old and dear to him. They had helped him before.

It was not of his rejected play he was thinking. Somehow the keenness of the sting left by failure had subsided. In fancy he saw a woman's face—Virginia's face. It seemed to float before him, sometimes the eyes hidden as with a veil, sometimes the sweet, proud mouth.

He was filled with this new feeling that in the twinkling of an eye had rushed over him. Was it love? Love! Oh, the ecstasy ringing in the soft vowels as he murmured them in a tender sentence!

Hitherto he had written of love, had believed that he understood it. But tonight in every fiber he felt the illimitable, untranslatable difference. He had been like a blind man dwelling on the beauty of the light he had never seen—a stay at home describing the marvels of lands never journeyed through. His heart had been sleeping while in his writings he had prated of passion.

But this sweeping forgetfulness of self even in a bitterly critical moment; this reaching out to and flooding immersion in the personality of another; this madness that shook him, trailing its seductive sweetness over his soul and making him light headed; this insistent burning in his blood; this yearning newly born—this was love.

He flung himself into a restful position against a tree and looked over at the windows where at times Virginia's shadow touched the shade. His face had grown haggard; his eyes were alight. Oh, he loved her! It seemed now he had always loved her.

"To tell her—oh, to tell her!" was his muttered cry. "Oh, if I had something to offer worth her taking—not my beggar's portion, not the ashes of my dreams. Virginia—dear, tender, sweet voiced, strong hearted Virginia, I am not fit to love you."

And now a state of feeling beyond expression or definition enfolded him and held him as in a coil. It was strange, subtle, exquisitely sad. The mist and rain were part of it, the blustery darkness, the troubled breath in the trees, the longing and indecision in his soul, the ache of passion, the ambition so limitless and unavailing, the dull acquiescence of the conquered.

How merciless destiny seemed in that moment! How empty the world! The race so long, so tiring, ending—even at the best—in what?

He was stirred to an exquisite sadness. Something vital quickened in his consciousness.

The serenity of his fair, unstempted years sank from sight, and he seemed to look down an illuminated path into the very heart of life. Love and death were there; agony and sin, joy, derision, temptation, despair; the curse of the snake, the laughter of young girls, the sorrow that cries in the night. It was all so terribly clear. It racked him, inundated him, knitted itself to him.

One after another faces arose, young and old; hands stretched entreatingly. He heard words that contained the glory and fire of diamonds, so real they were, so trenchant. Oh, if he could but write them as they thronged into his mind—if he could tell the wonderful story that unfolded itself before him like a scroll upon the darkness—might he not come at last and listen?

He shivered and looked around, emerging from his waking dream as from a trance, and almost startled to find himself alone.

What was this marvelous change? He seemed on the threshold of a secret, the door open to his hand. He was as one [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] He felt [illegible] where [illegible] he had [illegible]

He thought of the play that [illegible] while since had been [illegible] him. [illegible] now.

And yet [illegible]

Even while he [illegible] must. His [illegible] The delight of the artist, the creator, quivered through him. It was [illegible] by a sickening edge of doubt, but still it was delight.

In a little while he was again in his own room tearing the leaves of the rejected play to pieces. He fling them in the grate and touched them with a match.

"Virginia was right," he said, his voice broken, as if he had run a long way, and indeed his inner self had journeyed to far, undreamed of places that night. "You are false. Not a word of you shall live."



"You are false. Not a word of you shall live."

He stood with bowed head watching the papers. They curled in a swirl of wind and flame, so bad their impotent words [illegible] and nothing was left but a handful of charred fragments light as [illegible] down.

"God help me! [illegible] my dream," he murmured, his lips scarcely moving.

A [illegible] from the organ floated to him through the closed doors. It thrilled him to the heart. He seemed to hear Virginia's staunch words in those delicate intonations.

"I believe in you, Tom."

Louder the music rolled, higher, sweeter, and then melted into transcending the heavenly dome and crowning it like a star. Thomas's [illegible] tightened as he listened. The festival of harmony augmented his strength. His love rushed out to meet it like flood meeting flood. Virginia seemed playing a pæan of sanctified victory fit for a crusader who holds his standard aloft, though a rankling wound pales his lips.

He would accept her message.

Until the last vibration had sunk to a caressing whisper he stood entranced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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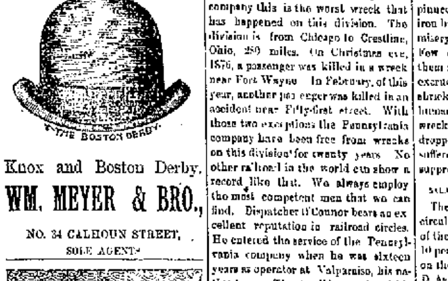
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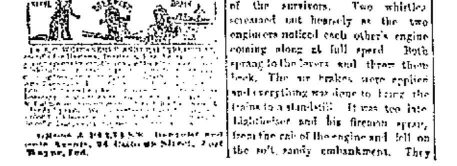
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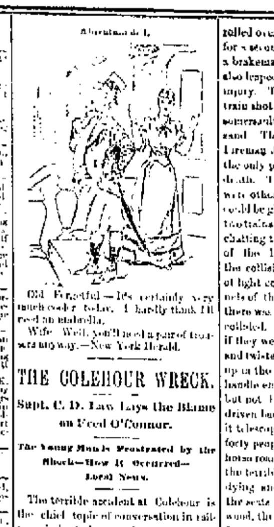
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Old Fogstful—It's certainly very much cooler to-day. I hardly think I'll need an umbrella.

Wife—Well, you'll need a pair of trousers any way.—New York Herald.

THE COLEHOUR WRECK.

Supt. C. D. Law Lays the Blame on Fred O'Connor.

The Young Man is Prostrated by the Shock—How It Occurred—Local News.

The terrible accident at Colehour is the chief topic of conversation in railway circles today. A SENTINEL reporter called at Mr. Law's office this morning to learn if they had anything new to say concerning the disaster. Mr. Bob Learmouth, Mr. Law's private secretary, stated that he was indebted to the newspapers for most of his information upon the wreck, and went on to explain that Mr. Law being upon the scene of the wreck, received all information personally and forwarded it to headquarters at Philadelphia. Had he been at home of course he would have received dispatches and in that case the news would be given out here.

Chief Dispatcher Will Tiger was no better informed than Mr Learmouth. He was unable to state who was responsible for the accident. Had heard the blame was laid at the door of Dispatcher O'Connor. Mr. Tiger stated that that gentleman was considered a competent and faithful telegrapher.

The Chicago Herald this morning contains the following:

"Superintendent C. D. Law, of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, said last night that the responsibility for the accident rested entirely with F. B. O'Connor, the train dispatcher at Fort Wayne.

"O'Connor has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania company for about twelve years," said Superintendent Law, "and was considered one of the most careful men we had. He has been train dispatcher for eight years, and this is the first accident of any kind, the responsibility for which is laid at his door. Train No. 49 is a milk train, or accommodation, made up at Valparaiso. At Hobart, Ind., the conductor and engineer of No. 49 received orders that train No. 160 (a freight train) was side tracked at Colehour to let them pass. O'Connor transmitted the order from Fort Wayne. He called up the operator at Colehour to give No. 12 (the train afterward wrecked) orders, but did not get a response. At that moment some other matter demanded his attention, and he left the telegraph key, intending to call up the operator at Colehour again in a second or two. He neglected to do this, and the collision was the result.

"In the twenty years that I have been connected with the the Pennsylvania company this is the worst wreck that has happened on this division. The division is from Chicago to Crestline, Ohio, 280 miles. On Christmas eve, 1876, a passenger was killed in a wreck near Fort Wayne. In February, of this year, another passenger was killed in an accident near Fifty-first street. With those two exceptions the Pennsylvania company have been free from wrecks on this division for twenty years. No other railroad in the world can show a record like that. We always employ the most competent men that we can find. Dispatcher O'Connor bears an excellent reputation in railroad circles. He entered the service of the Pennsylvania company when he was sixteen years as operator at Valparaiso, his native town. The terrible result of his neglect has prostrated him."

"First among the officials of the Pennsylvania railroad in Chicago to receive news of the wreck was Charles Watts, general superintendent of the entire system. He was on board his private car in the union depot when a telegram was received. A Fort Wayne accommodation train was about to pull out of the depot at the time and on this Mr. Watts hurried to the scene of the accident.

"First Vice President McCrea, of the Pennsylvania system, was seated in his office in the Brother Jonathan building in conversation with his assistant, Edward B. Wall, about 9:30 o'clock when a dispatch was received from Superintendent Watts. It gave a brief account of what had occurred and the vice president at once replied, telling Mr. Watts to use his fullest powers for the immediate relief of the injured and the proper care of the killed."

There were eleven killed and nineteen injured. Every person in the smoking car on the Panhandle road was either killed or injured. The list as published in THE SENTINEL yesterday was correct as far as it went. Two of the three unknown men have been identified as follows:

Chester E. Collin, was employed at the Indiana state building at the world's fair.

Michael Voll, 1623 Jackson street, Louisville, Ky.

An unknown man who was stealing a ride on the platform of the smoker.

The wreck is thus described by one of the survivors. Two whistles screamed out hoarsely as the two engineers noticed each other's engine coming along at full speed. Both sprang to the levers and threw them back. The air brakes were applied and everything was done to bring the trains to a standstill. It was too late. Lightheiser and his fireman sprang from the cab of the engine and fell on the soft, sandy embankment. They rolled over and over and lay stunned for a second in the ditch. J. P. Welsh, a brakeman on the Panhandle train, also leaped from the cars and escaped injury. Two ladies from the milk train shot in the air and turned a somersault before they reached the soft sand. They were Engineer Hart and Fireman J. J. Keeler, who had chosen the only possible way of escape from death. They were bruised slightly, but were otherwise uninjured. No warning could be given to the passengers in the two trains. Forty men were smoking and chatting together in the smoking car of the Panhandle train just before the collision. For a moment a streak of light could be seen between the funnels of the big black engines. Then there was a tremendous crash as they collided. Boiler plates were torn off as if they were paper, the pilots were bent and twisted and the escaping steam shot up in the air fully fifty feet. The Panhandle engine was thrown off the track but not before the baggage car was driven backward with such force that it telescoped the smoker and buried forty people in its ruins. Above the noise roar of the escaping steam arose the terrible screams of agony from the dying and the wounded. Pinned to the seats by huge, jagged splinters of wood, they uttered heartrending cries for succor which could not come in time. The couplings of the last cars were broken and the latter part of the train was sent spinning toward Colehour.

Those who were killed were crushed and mangled almost beyond recognition. Their heads were shattered, their limbs were snapped like twigs, and their faces torn by the splinters. The first half of the smoker had been crushed into kindling wood and the baggage car had been driven almost entirely over it. Bruised and bleeding heads protruded from the timbers, legs could be seen here and there among the wreck, and blood was sprinkled over the broken cars in every direction.

The wounded screamed with pain until they were rescued. Not one of them could make his way out of the rear end of the car. The seats had been so twisted and broken that every man was held a prisoner by the mass of timbers. Men lay helpless under the jagged bars, groaning and relieving their pain by crying. Some had their legs and arms broken, others were so badly bruised and shaken up that they could not move, while others had been rendered insensible by blows on the head.

The noise of the shock, the grinding crash and the shriek of escaping steam from the shattered locomotives had scarcely given place to the cries and moans of the injured when Farmer Edward Roby and his two sons, who lived near the scene of the accident, were beside the wreck. They had witnessed the collision from the rear of their house. All three raced to the track, but not before ordering the servants to follow with a team and wagon.

A telephone message from 106 street called out the Chicago police and fire department. Both responded promptly. Captain Smith, of engine company No. 46, and Lieutenant Wright, of hose company No. 9, took all their men from the fire house and with them all necessary tools.

Within an hour after the two trains rushed together the last body of dead and injured had been taken from the wreck. Although every minute seemed an hour to those who lay pinned down by twisted timber and iron bars, the sufferers endured their misery with remarkable fortitude. Few expressions of anguish escaped them after the first awful paroxysm of excruciating agony. Hysterical women shrieked and sobbed at sight of living humanity entangled and dying in the wreck, and loud expressions of horror dropped from the lips of men, the real sufferers merely groaned out their insuppressible agony.

SALARY REDUCTIONS ONLY TEMPORARY.

The Railroad Age says that in his circular announcing that by resolution of the board of directors a reduction of 10 per cent. is ordered in all salaries on the Wabash railroad, President O. D. Ashley gives the further directions. "In making up rolls and salary vouchers until further notice, heads of departments will first state the salary, make the 10 per cent reduction and carry forward in proper column the net amount so derived." This is significant as indicating that the reduction is expected to be only temporary and not intended to establish the precedent of a new scale of payment, and it represents the attitude of railroad companies generally in making the reductions in their pay rolls which present necessities compel.

THIEF CAUGHT.

John C. Horton, the Nickel Plate detective, succeeded in discovering the party who robbed a Nickel Plate car of some shoes and hats at Bellevue, Ohio, some weeks ago. The thief proved to be Ed. Leibold, of Fostoria, Ohio, aged seventeen. He was tried and found guilty last Wednesday. Leibold served a jail sentence in this city for robbery two years ago. He is a tough citizen, although still a boy.

SHIFTING TALK.

George P. Gordon came home from the fair this morning.

Sickness keeps Michael Collins, of the Bass blacksmith shop, from his duties.

B. Blair, a car builder, who has been employed at the Pittsburg shops for some time, will leave tonight for Oregon, where he expects to reside in the future.

Ed. Haw, a Nickel Plate car repairer, has recovered from his recent illness.

The first three days of the present week the railroads carried 217,000 into Indianapolis.

Gus Cronuth went to Portland this morning to set an engine built by the Bass company.

Henry Blair, brakeman on Nickel Plate passenger trains Nos. 1 and 5, is laying off to attend the fair.

Henry Boyd and Ed. Sheckler, of the Bass machine shop, are camping out up the St. Joe river.

C. H. Pratt is sick. G. Hajes is off duty on account of private business. Both are Pittsburg firemen.

F. Beachum, a Nickel Plate car repairer has taken a vacation, which he will spend at the world's fair.

Herman Regel, of the Bass works, who was setting up an engine at Wabash, returned home last night.

Louis Altevoght, who was accidentally poisoned a few days ago, returned to his work in the Bass machine shop this morning.

The Wabash shops were closed yesterday afternoon out of respect to Engineer Alex. Cunningham, whose wife was buried then.

Arch. Leach, of the Kerr Murray works, is suffering with a mashed finger, the result of an accident last Wednesday.

Engineer and Mrs. J. V. Davis are happy in the possession of a pretty baby boy. The proud father is a Nickel Plate employe.

J. C. Cole, fireman on the Wabash, has been called home by the serious illness of his mother, who lies very low with typhoid fever.

Charley Tine, the popular Nickel Plate engineer, has left for a weeks visit at the world's fair. He was accompanied by his two sisters.

It is understood that the Wabash is making an effort to settle for the deaths of the two Lafayette parties who were killed at the Colburn water tank Labor day.

James Gordon, stenographer in Master Mechanic W. W. Atterbury's office, will resign to take a course of studies at Notre Dame university. His successor has not been named.

Mr and Mrs Dennis McCarthy and their three children are attending the world's fair. Mr. McCarthy is a Nickel Plate passenger engineer and during his absence Engineer Frank Fulley has charge of the run.

The following Pittsburg shopmen are preparing for a visit to the world's fair: George Graham, Thomas Stonebrook, G. H. Willcocks, Thomas Smith, George Byerline, Fred Kramer, Ed Brinkman, H. Koppel and Peter Lepper.

Dr. C. A. Leisher, special medical examiner for the Pennsylvania Voluntary Relief association, who has been filling Dr. Kells' place in this district for the past ten days, will return to his home in Pittsburg tomorrow evening, at which time Dr. Kells is expected home.

The Logansport Journal says. "One can get something of an idea to what extent freight business has dropped off on the Panhandle when the fact is considered that last winter seven switching engines and crews were employed in the local yards whereas three crews now do all the work."

The Wabash is doing the best stock business of any road in this section of the country. Frequently as high as four stock trains pass through the city on that road. As rates on this class of freight are high, compared with other freight, the hauling of stock is quite an object to a railroad.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

I was very severely taken with dysentery; I took a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy after each operation of the bowels, more than natural, for about thirty-six hours, and checked the complaint. It took about all of a small bottle to cure me, while two or three doses might cure an ordinary case. I found it would give me immediate relief from all pain in the bowels.—F. M. Blackwood, Friendship, Grant Par., La. For sale by druggists.

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Cheap Excursion Trains

On the Nickel Plate road's excursion to the World's Fair Sept. 11. Superb new service on the Nickel Plate road. Rates as low as ever. 4-4t

Sentinel route of nearly 100 papers. Call at No. 5 Fisher street. 21tf

Nickel Plate road excursion to the World's Fair Sept. 11. One fare. 4-5t

A Western editor has invented a plan for collecting his subscriptions that might be of value in other branches of business. He sends out his bill and waits a reasonable time before he follows it with another dun. In case the second call is not answered he takes it for granted that the subscriber is dead and an "obituary notice" is published in the next edition of the paper.

DR PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

FOR HIGHLAND MARY

THE TOMB WHICH MARKS HER RESTING PLACE.

Erected Out of Tender Memory to the Great Scottish Bard—Incidents in the Life of the Heroine of Burns' Sweetest Stanza.

[Special Correspondence.]

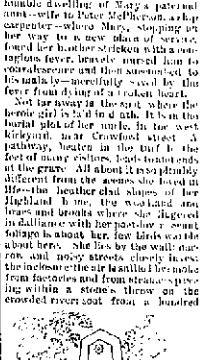


THE PILGRIMS in Burns-land will find no shrines more tenderly, pathetically impressive than those associated with that most famous heroine of modern poetry, the "Highland Mary" of Burns' sweetest and tenderest stanzas. Three miles up the coast from "auld Ayr" is Arrossan, and her birthplace in the hut of a common sailor. From the narrow street we look across the Firth and beyond Cumrae to the heights of the West Highlands, where she grew to young womanhood in the port of Cantire, behind "Arran's mountain isle." We find the site of the poor abode where she spent the last summer of her short life in preparation for her expected wedding with Burns.

At Coilsfield we see the great rambling, white pillared mansion where the poet first saw and loved her; and about it we wander by wood and stream amid the scenes where she loitered with her lover and where, after "one day of parting love," the pair "tore themselves asunder," never to meet more. By Alloway's "haunted kirk" we find a memento of that parting—the Bible Burns gave her that day, and upon which their vows were said, and the tress of her shining hair which she gave to him. Here, also, is her spinning wheel.

Near the church of the Holy Loch at Monelline is the somber old house of Hamilton, of which she was some time an inmate, where she and the bard often met and where, according to his niece Miss Begg, his mother saw Mary and noted the pleasing description and incidents which Miss Begg had heard the mother repeat. At Greenock, in a dingy side street, was the humble dwelling of Mary's paternal aunt—wife to Peter McPherson, a ship carpenter—where Mary, stopping on her way to a new place of service, found her brother stricken with a contagious fever, bravely nursed him to convalescence and then succumbed to his malady—mercifully saved by the fever from dying of a broken heart.

Not far away is the spot where the heroic girl is laid in death. It is in the burial plot of her uncle, in the west kirkyard, near Crawford street. A pathway, beaten in the turf by the feet of many visitors, leads to a tomb at the grave. All about it is so pitiably different from the scenes she loved in life—the heather clad slopes of her Highland home, the woodland and braes and brooks where she lingered in dalliance with her poet-lover, amid foliage is about her, few birds warble about here. She lies by the wall; narrow and noisy streets closely invest; the incense of the air is sullied by smoke from factories and from steam engines; within a stone's throw on the crowded river; and from a hundred chimneys blackens grass-blade and leaf; the clangor and din of hammers and steam-whistles, of machinery and traffic resound through the sacred place and assail our ears as we reverently stand above the ashes of the "fair haired lassie."



THE GRAVE OF HIGHLAND MARY

Two or three faded wreaths rest upon the grave; one of them (placed by the loving hands of an American) has lain there since the last anniversary of Mary's death and of the exquisite and impassioned lines, "To Mary in Heaven." The devoted girl has here "mouldered in silent dust for more than a century, during half that period her grave was unsought, neglected; now it is found necessary to protect it from the depredations of tourists by an iron railing.

Fifty years ago resident lovers of Burns procured by subscription the erection of a monument over the mound. It is of marble, twelve feet in height. It bears a sculptured medal lion representing in relief Burns and Mary with clasped hands, plighting their vows. Beneath is the inscription:

ERECTED OVER THE GRAVE OF HIGHLAND MARY
1842
"My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

Inventions and Discoveries.

The following are a few of the inventions and discoveries which have originated or been made practical within the last half century: Ocean steamships, railways, street car lines, the telegraph, ocean cable, telephone, phonography, photography and a score of other methods of picture-making, enamelling colors, kerosene, electric lights, steam fire engines, chemical fire extinguishers, anesthetics and painless surgery, gun cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and a host of other explosives, aluminum, magnesium, and other new metals, electroplating, spectrum analysis and the spectroscope, audiphone, pneumatic tubes, electric motors, electric railways, electric bells, typewriters, steam and hydraulic elevators, steam heating, vestibule cars and cantilever bridges.

The paper that goes into the home—[illegible] paper.

Notes of the Modes.

Dainty and most becoming dresses both for day and evening wear, are of tamboured organdies and flowered Swiss muslins.

Pretty clusters of horse-chestnut blossoms appear upon ecru-colored straw hats of "nutmeg" braid, trimmed with russet brown velvet ribbon.

The dress parasols of the season are like small tents, and although in most cases made of tulle, lace or net, their large size and ugly handles suggest the utilities rather than the ornaments of dress.

A collarette that is coming forward in cotton goods and will be invested in wool later on, is a three-quarter circle, shaped to fit smoothly around the shoulders and folded to points in front. It is effective in the still linen and in the heavy cotton goods.

Cambric gowns should have the waist lining made of the same material as the outside, when lined at all. The reason will be manifest if a break or tear occurs. ... suitable ... to all sorts of accidents.

A pretty apron of white Swiss, instead of having one broad [illegible] drawn through the top hem as a belt had five rows of stitching and through the six cases so formed "baby" ribbon was drawn, the waist flaring and the ... in the center. ...the bottom of the same was ... a wide ... and the waist ... from the ... puff where the ribbon ...

the waist and fastened beneath a tiny ... Another rosette turned the ... patch.

"The wholesale milliners are getting their autumn stocks in readiness for inspection by the trade." Among the new felt hats are colors of blood brick and fox brown. Cream tan and other pretty brown shades are noted, bound and banded with brown, generally in darker tint than the hat. Alpines of hats are in store. Straw sailors are being landed about the high crown; in rows of velvet baby ribbon; or rows of folds of velvet, each row or fold meeting at one side in a very small bow. A noticeable black turban is edged round with a thick rope of black and green steams.

NOT HAVING Seen Not Being Young Man Afraid of His Horses, is dead. It is too bad the ... of this famous Indian should be known. The proper English translation of his long Sioux name is Young-Man-of-Whose-Horses-They-Are-Afraid.

Mrs. Wm. Helse, East Orange, N.J.
Taken from the grave.

"The doctors said I had the worst case of womb trouble they ever saw.



"I had heart trouble, lost my speech and the use of my limbs. I frequently had fits, fainting spells, and I could not sleep. Three of the best New York doctors gave me up. Friends came to see the—among them my cousin.

"She said she believed *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* would help me, and persuaded the doctor to try it. Oh! how thankful I am they gave it to me, for it took me from the grave. I began to improve immediately. I soon got out, and am now well and strong. No words can express my gratitude to you for my life. Since then I have given it to others, and it never fails."

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass. *Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills*, 25 cents.

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LATEST ROMANTIC NOVEL
THE KISS OF GOLD
APPEARS IN SENTINEL SOON.
THE LITERARY SENSATION OF THE TIME.
READ IT.
As it will appear in this paper only, you should see that you don't miss a number.

High est of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FARMING UNDER GLASS.

Ten Acres of Sheltered Hothouses and Their Labor Saving Devices.

The old farmer and his son in law had entered a long glass structure containing countless tiny green lettuce plants growing in the ground, says the Chatauquan.

"What a monstrous lot of plants! Shouldn't think you could sell 'em all."

"Oh, there are only 2,000 dozen in this house. The next house contains 1,000 dozen..." ...

"... I think it would take a ... to set 'em."

"... if he used a watering pot. ... But I ... I regard a pipe on the ... under the glass. Stand back in the doorway and take out your watch when I set on the shower."

A ... like a fine mist seemed to fill the entire place, and then it was gone.

"Why, it's a ... minute!"

"No, I usually give them about forty seconds. You see every single plant has been given a gentle sprinkle of water by only a turn of the hand. I calculate that saves at least twenty cents a day in labor."

"How do you keep the weeds down?"

"Well, in the first place, I don't have many. I use fertilizers largely, and if weeds do appear, I have a little wheel I wrote that a boy pushes along between the rows of plants. The letters ... the ground and chokes out the weeds."

Farmer ... walked along the narrow paths between the beds, lost in wonder and admiration. Every tiny leaf was coated with dewy drops of water and stood up fresh, green and vigorous after the artificial shower. Was not this whole business of raising crops under glass a key to much of the peculiar position of farming interests? Here were crops raised in an artificial climate. Under glass there is absolute control of heat and rain, and these things are the essentials of plant life. Would the use of glass spread, would it be possible to raise other crops than flowers and lettuce in this way? Did such farming pay?

To all of which the son replied in this wise:

"Yes. It pays me because I am a manufacturer of food. I run my little ten acre farm precisely as a factory is run. I use, as you see, labor-saving devices. I produce great quantities of a very superior article, and consequently I got fair and steady prices. My lettuce goes all by rail as far as New York and some of it even to Albany and Hartford and New Haven and other places this side of New York. I make money by reducing the cost of manufacture and by the use of labor-saving appliances of every kind. I never plant a seed by hand. It is all done with planters. I never touch a weed but to ... of hands with the hands. I get not ... to dig my potatoes by hand. ... glass ... is getting tremendously well ... Some of these millionaires who are experimenting with glass in a large way are causing ... feel that the ... that almost any garden crop can be raised under glass."

FOR MINE OWNERS.

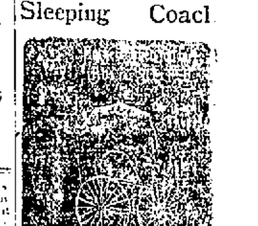
The Substitution of Iron for Mine Timbering in England.

A small ... is reported to have attended the substitution of steel or iron for mine timbering in England, says the New York Sun. According to the report of the president of one of the most important coal companies, the adoption of iron props and steel girders was initiated some time ago in a main road ten feet wide, 300 yards being secured with such props and girders, and covered with three-eight inch boiler plate, the girders being set about three feet apart. This was six years ago, and, as yet, not a single girder has been taken out or replaced. The girders used for main roads are ten feet long, five feet by four inches by seven eighth inch, and the section of the props five inches by three inches by three. The cost of one girder of ten feet, and two steel props of six feet, and thirty square feet of three-eight inch boiler plate, is estimated at about 18 per lineal or running yard, while for securing the same area with timber, the cost would be from $2.50 to $3 per yard. Thus, though the first cost of steel and iron is nearly three times that of ordinary timber, the life of the former is estimated as at least six times that of the latter, with the advantage also of saving the labor of relaying and the risk of falls and consequent stoppages during working hours, and, again, when a road is done with the materials are still serviceable for the same purpose or salable as scrap.

Considered the Point.

In Illinois there is an old law on the statute-books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose. "Jedge," said he, "weren't we to judge the law as well as the facts?" "Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'int."—Argonaut.

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FOR 1893.

All the Novelties in
Worsted Suitings,
Scotch Cheviots,
Fine Trouserings,
Fancy Vestings,
Spring Overcoatings

You will find the selection of
Styles to be Exquisite
Embracing every known novelty that England and Scotland have produced for the spring of 1893.

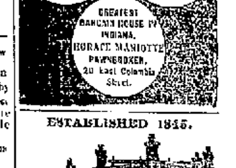
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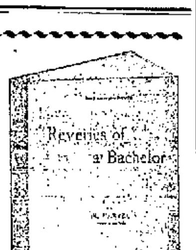
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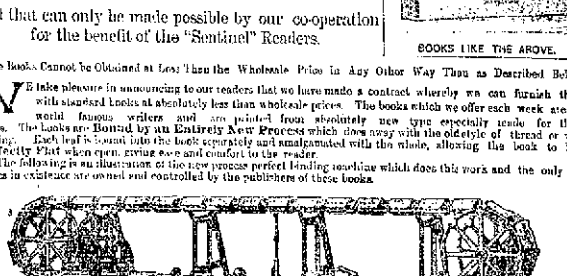


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These Books Cannot be Obtained at Less Than the Wholesale Price in Any Other Way Than as Described Below

WE take pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have made a contract whereby we can furnish them with standard books at absolutely less than wholesale prices. The books which we offer each week are by world famous writers and are printed from absolutely new type especially made for these works. The books are **Bound by an Entirely New Process** which does away with the old style of thread or wire binding. Each leaf is bound into the book separately and amalgamated with the whole, allowing the book to Lie **Perfectly Flat** when open, giving ease and comfort to the reader.

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This machine not only binds books without thread or wire but puts a cover on each book. It takes loose parts of the book and delivers the complete work bound at a rate of 1200 an hour.

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No. 18. PREMIUM LIBRARY! PRICE 10c. ... Three Coupons ... Post Paid
"LUCILE,"
BY OWEN MEREDITH LYTTON

The books which we offer are superior in every way to those offered in so called free book distribution and which are dear at any price. Our readers will see this at a glance by sending for the work offered above.

Send three Book Coupons, of different dates, and 10 cents for this book or $1.80 for all eighteen of them, and you will be delighted with our offer.

SENTINEL.

Book Coupon, Sept. 8.

Cut out three Coupons different dates ... as long as there are dates at end and send in ... with ten cents and the book ordered ... mailed in a few days by mail free of expense.

Name ...
Street ...
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Address "Book Dept.,"
SENTINEL,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

ROOT & COMPANY,

CARPETS At a Bargain!

50 Pieces Best Moquettes
AND
50 Pieces Best Body Brussels,
Without Borders.

50 Patterns also of each with borders, enough for one room only.

To clear this line up we are going to make on them

A Big Reduction!

They are all first-class patterns and will be the best bargains in — —

MOQUETTE CARPETS
And BODY BRUSSELS Carpets
Ever given in this City. Don't you miss them.

Our Full Lines of —

NEW CARPETS

For the Fall Season are here, comprising every grade and quality.
We have EVERY make.

See the Great Line of

LOWELL Ingrains

We have on exhibition. Our Own Choice Patterns.

See the Lovely Lines of

Agra Ingrain Carpets!

Patterns—Copies of Choice Moquettes.

LINOLEUMS

In all Widths and Qualities.

ROOT & COMPANY,

Fort Wayne Sentinel

FRIDAY SEPT. 8, 1893.

☞Persons Desiring THE DAILY SENTINEL served at their homes can secure it by postal card, request, or order through telephone 174. Where delivery irregular or late, please make immediate complaint to the Office.

Send In the News.

THE SENTINEL is always glad to get news of a personal or social character. Do you know any news? Is anybody visiting you? Are you going to visit anybody, or about to leave on a trip? Do you know of any social gatherings, marriages, births, or in short anything about yourself or others that would be an item of news? If so, write it down and send it to THE SENTINEL. If received at this office by noon, it will be published on the same day.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8—Forecast till 8 p. m. Saturday. For Indiana—Fair, slightly warmer Saturday morning; winds becoming southeasterly.

Our Thermometer.

8 a. m. 80
12 m. 81
2 p. m. 82

FRESH LOCAL LINES.

W. H. Watt goes to New York on business tomorrow.

W. M. Butler, of Van Wert, Ohio, is at the Randall today.

Mrs G. W. Seavey and children have returned from Petoskey.

John Robbins, of Auburn, is in the city at the Randall today.

Mrs. J. J. List and daughter, Clara, are visiting friends at Indianapolis.

F. H. McKinnie, brother of William McKinnie, of the Wayne, is in the city.

Prof. C. N. Spaulding, of Howe Hall, Lima, is in the city today at the Wayne.

H. D Studabaker and B. E. Morgan, of Bluffton, passed through the city this morning.

Mrs. Fannie Hartman has gone to Champaign, Ill., to study art during the winter.

M. D. Randall, cousin of Perry Randall, is in the city. His home is in Oneida, N. Y.

Ed C. Ross, of the Randall, is entertaining his friend, Frank Leslie, of Chicago, this week.

Isadore Friend, of the Friends' enterprise, left yesterday for Mackinac for a few weeks' visit.

Major Geo. W Ewing and wife will leave for Cincinnati tomorrow and later will go to Europe.

The elegant new residence of Mrs John W. Bodick, at No. 130 East Wayne street, has been completed.

Mrs. Frederick Zucker, wife of Professor Zucker, of Concordia college, is home from a trip through Germany.

The Bob-o'-link club gave a ball at their hall on South Calhoun street last evening which was a very pleasant affair.

Noble Olds, of this city, will be united in marriage on the 19th inst. to Miss Susan McCulloch, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

C. L. Kimball, assistant general passenger agent of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, is at the Wayne today.

Marion Black and A. C. Kutt went to Bluffton on business today. They went on the train, but expect to ride home on their wheels.

Louis Besuner, who was hurt by falling from a Pittsburg passenger train a few days ago, is now at the Randall hotel under the care of his wife.

The opening play at Geary's theater next week will be "The Planter's Wife." "Leah" will not be put on the stage until the third week. The sale of seats begins tomorrow morning.

At a meeting of the C. B. L. at Library hall last evening a committee composed of Capt. Joe Kopp, Captain Lennon, Capt. Jacob Hartman and Patrick Ryan, was appointed to meet with Father Brammer and decide upon a program for the proper military display in the welcome of the new bishop on the evening of October 3.

The band at the feeble minded school furnished the music at the Congregational church fair last evening and charmed everybody in attendance with their excellent playing. This band is coming to the front. Although composed of boys who are inmates of the institution they are rapidly mastering the art of music and play all their pieces in harmony and like first class musicians.

There is an irresistible charm about the homely farm life and tender pathos of "The Old Homestead," which always touches those whose hearts are in the right place. Last night the Temple was well filled with an appreciative audience and it is safe to say that nearly every person present thoroughly enjoyed the play and went home better for having seen it. Odell Williams as Joshua Whitcomb was the center of attraction, but the cast is all good.

Contracts were let at the office of Wing & Mahurin yesterday for a fine dwelling house for D. M. Miller. The building is to be erected on the lot immediately east of the city hall. It is to be of brick, with cut stone trimmings, plate glass windows with all the modern conveniences, electric light, steam heating, etc. Its cost complete is estimated at $6,000. The contractors are B. A. Grothollmann & Co. Work was begun on the grounds this morning.

Last evening occurred the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Ertel aged seventy-three years and five months, at the home of her son in law, William Bruns, corner Pontiac street and Holton avenue. Death was due to cancer. The deceased leaves three children, George and Henry Ertel, and Mrs. Bruns all of this city. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock from the house and at 9:30 from the Zion Lutheran church, Rev. Jaengle officiating. Interment in Concordia cemetery. Mrs. Ertel was born in Germany and was an excellent Christian lady.

Miss Mary Hamilton is quite ill at her home on West Washington street.

Miss Bauer, of South Lafayette street, will entertain a number of her friends this evening.

Full particulars of the wreck at Colehour yesterday will be found in our telegraph columns today.

Mrs. John Weller, of Webster street who has been quite ill, was out yesterday for the first time for three months.

Misses Sallie Manno and Lillian Wennmghoff have returned from a three weeks' visit to Chicago and the world's fair.

Mr and Mrs Calvin Burnham have returned from Madison, Ind., where they went on account of the death of Mr Burnham's mother.

John M. Comparet, of Planch, Texas, will arrive in the city this evening and be the guest of his brother, David F. Comparet, of Erie street.

Charles McCabe, of No. 21 West Superior street, who has been very ill with cholera morbus, has recovered sufficiently to be able to sit up.

Mrs Mergenthiem and son will return from New York city tonight. Miss Watson, head milliner for A. Mergenthiem, will accompany them.

Born, to Mr and Mrs Rolabaugh, of No. 21 Walton avenue, a ten pound baby boy. The father is a traveling man for the Seavy hat hears store.

Miss Annie Adams, of Carlisle, Pa., is visiting in the city the guest of Mr. J. E. Ritchey. Together they will visit Chicago, the great fair and other western cities before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs L. R. Andrews, of Valparaiso, Ind., are visiting their daughter, Mrs W. F. Jungles, at 162 Montgomery street. Mr. Andrews is a G. A. R. man and they will remain in the city the coming winter.

George I. Haswell, of the Fort Wayne Organ factory, has just received a patent through the law firm of Chapin & Denny, on a very novel and ingenious folding chair which is adapted to be thrown into a variety of forms, to be used as a wheeling, dining or as a reclining chair. It is a beauty.

At police court this morning Frank Richter, an old offender, was up on a charge of drunkenness. He was arrested at the Nickel Plate depot about 2 o'clock, by Officer Paul. Richter was very short in his wearing apparel and has a desire to cut and kill when at his cups. He was sent over for eleven days.

Yesterday a merry crowd of girls drove out south of the city to the Muldoon homestead. Among those present were Miss May Baer, Agnes Hart, Bertha Hennigen, Mary and Annie Getty. They entertained Mr and Mrs Muldoon by singing songs and Miss Annie Getty accompanied them on the mandoline, and Miss Baer on the guitar. They returned home declaring they had spent a pleasant day in the country.

Mr. and Mrs C. E. Barnes, of 12 Fox street, were out driving last evening and when on Calhoun street a careless man drove his horse into their buggy and wrecked it. Mrs. Barnes was so badly frightened that she has been ill since the accident. Mr. Barnes is making an effort to learn the name of the gentleman who is responsible for the collision with a view of making him defray the expense of repairing the buggy. The unknown driver was letting his horse go at will and made no effort to guide him around the buggy occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

THE INSTITUTE CLOSED

After a Very Pleasant and Profitable Five Days' Session.

The Allen County Teachers institute closed its five days' session in this city at noon today and most of the teachers who have been in attendance left for their homes.

The session this morning was opened with prayer by Supt. Dr. Irwin, of the city schools, and instructions in geography, arithmetic and history were given by Profs. Sanders and Charman. The Warcup family, of Huntertown, sang some of their charming war songs.

The institute was the largest and most successful ever held in this county and the teachers are loud in their praise of it. These annual gatherings of the city and county teachers are pleasant and profitable. Notwithstanding the hot weather, the city Y. M. C. A. hall, where the meetings were held, were crowded each day and the exercises were of the most interesting character.

"CRAZY PATCH."

A Clever Farce at the Temple Tomorrow Evening.

Harry Phillips' company will present "Crazy Patch" at the temple tomorrow evening at people's popular prices, viz: 25, 50 and 75 cents. The Chicago Evening Journal says:

"'Crazy Patch' is a collection of nonsense, relieved by some clever specialties and pleasing songs. Its only excuse for existence is to make people laugh, and in this it succeeds satisfactorily."

Sleeplessness.

Remove the cause by regulating the bowels, by establishing good digestion and by quieting the nerves with Simmons Liver Regulator. Try it, and you will soon know the blessing of good health and sound sleep.

"JACOBS' SHOE STORE."

Tomorrow all day and all evening we expect to sell more school shoes for boys and girls than any other concerns in the city. We ought to, for we not only have the largest assortment to select from, but we also dictate the lowest prices on record. We will fit your children with sizes ranging from 8 to 10 1-2 for $1; with sizes from 11 to 2 for $1.25. These figures refer to the best made and best fitted substantial school shoes ever produced by shoemakers. They bear the guaranty of "Jacobs," which in itself means "Honest Shoes."

"JACOBS' SHOE STORE,"
17 Calhoun Street.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Movements of the Country and Guests in Fort Wayne.

The Avilla paper says: "Mrs Frank Fryer and children, of Fort Wayne, spent part of last week in town."

The Muncie Herald says: "Chas. F. Moor left for Fort Wayne yesterday evening, where he will spend a few days."

The Albion News says: "Miss Gretta Russell, of Fort Wayne, was visiting her brother, S. O. Russell, last week."

The Lima, Ind., Budget says: "Mr. Hunter Moses, of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday here with relatives. Mr. Moses and Ralph will be here until cooler weather."

The Valparaiso Messenger says: "Mrs C. H. Walton and daughter of Fort Wayne, were the guests of G. A. Dodge and family last evening."

The Bluffton News says: "Rufus Hawk, an attendant at the feeble minded school, Fort Wayne, is in the city for a few weeks' vacation. Ed Achenbaugh is filling Mr. Hawk's position temporarily."

The Huntington Herald says: "Mrs George Howser went to Fort Wayne this morning for a visit until Saturday with friends.—Miss Lillie Heiney and mother, of Mt. Etna, were in the city today. Mrs Heiney went to Fort Wayne on the noon train for a short visit."

The Ligonier Banner says: "The home of John Flannigan east of this city was the scene of a pleasant party last Sunday. Ed. Flannigan and wife, Churubusco; Mrs. John Belot, Fort Wayne, Miss Carrie Gump, Huntertown, and Will Dye, of Toledo, with the host and hostess made up the party."

The Columbia City Commercial says: "Charles Swihart, who was working in Chicago for several months, but for a few weeks has been rusticating at his home near Hecla, is in town today and informed us that he expects to go to work in the Diamond overall factory at Fort Wayne in a few days."

The Plymouth Democrat says: "John Hoham is visiting in Fort Wayne with his children, F. D. Hoham, Will Hoham, Mrs Loesch and Mrs. Haberkorn.—George Hoham left Tuesday evening for Fort Wayne, where he will attend school this year."

WOE FOR A CALIFORNIA VILLAGE

Action of Mrs. Leland Stanford Destroys the Business of Vina.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—The widow of Senator Stanford has returned from a visit which brought woe to the little town of Vina, in Tehama county. The village is mainly dependent on the great Stanford ranch, from which it took its name, so that when the millionaire's relict summarily discharged half the working force of the big farm, cut down salaries all around, had the work horses unshod and turned out to pasture and stopped the harvesting machines in the field, it created a decided sensation. Her idea is to make more money out of the Stanford ranches so that the Stanford university shall not lack for funds. Every gallon of the wine and brandy stored in the great vaults at Vina has been placed on sale, and most of the horses in the breeding farm will have to go.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—Closing, 1:15 p. m.—Wheat, Sept., 65½c; Oct., 66½c; Dec., 69½c.
Corn, Sept., 40c; Oct., 40½c; Dec., 40½c.
Oats, Sept., 25½c; Oct., 25½c; Dec., 26½c.
Pork, Sept., $16 12½; Oct., $14 30.
Lard, Sept., $8 40; Oct., $8 02½.
Ribs, Sept., $9 90; Oct., $8.12½.

Toledo Markets.

TOLEDO, Sept 8.—Close—Wheat, cash, and Sept., 64½c; Oct., 65½c; Dec., 69½c; May, 76½c; No. 2 white, cash, 62c.
Corn, cash, 43c.
Oats, nothing doing
Cloverseed, Oct., $5 30; Jan., $5 55.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters

Received Daily by Express.

J. E. S. Large Selects for frying, 38c can.

S. & W., Best stewing, 25c can.

FRITZ HOUSE

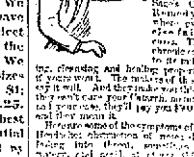
Stanton's Photos are the best.

A MEXICAN BUNKO GAME

American Travelers Are Forced to Pay Bogus Board Bills to Sharpers.

It is said that a favorite method that Mexican rascals have of swindling American visitors is to watch for them at the railway stations, and having selected a victim and ascertained that he or she (preferably she) means to take a certain train, to approach just before train time and demand money, represented to be due as a board bill at such and such a hotel, says the New Orleans Picayune. The victim will deny owing the bill, but the sharper insists, threatening to call the police and to have the matter settled before a justice. As the amount asked for is usually not more than $3 or $4, the victim commonly prefers to pay it rather than to have his journey delayed, especially if he understands the peculiarity of Mexican law, which always throws the burden of proof on the American. However barefaced the accusation if it be urged by a native against an American, the chances are that the victim will have to spend some days in Belem prison before he can satisfy the authorities that he is innocent, and in the meantime the rascally accuser disappears.

EIGHTY-ONE preachers have thus far applied for a vacant Oklahoma pulpit. According to this the preachers are becoming quite as numerous as the lawyers and doctors.



Found — not lately, but 30 years ago — something that perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh in the Head. It's Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy — and where everything else fails, that cures. The worst chronic cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. So if you're won't. The makers of this Remedy say it will. And they make you this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case, they'll pay you $500 in cash—and they mean it.

Here are some of the symptoms of Catarrh: Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid, and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. You won't have all at once; probably only a few of them. But you won't have any of them, if you'll take Dr. Sage's Remedy.

CYCLING IN FRANCE.

A TOUR OF PLEASURE ON THE WHEEL.

In the Land of Perfect Roads, Pretty Villas, Good Dinners and Hospitable People — The Wheelman's Paradise.

[Paris Correspondence.]



S ALL GOOD Americans go to Paris when they die, all good cyclists ought to go to France while they live. It is the land of perfect roads, of excellent dinners, of gay cafes. You may count upon fine sport all day, upon something more, and much better, to eat than a chop or a steak when your machine is put up for the night, upon a far pleasanter place than the English inn coffee room to spend the hour between dinner and bedtime.

All France is the cyclists' paradise. Normandy is the special corner reserved for the English wheelman's delight. It is so near and so easily reached—it comes within the possibility of an Easter or Whitsuntide holiday. It can be entered by Dieppe, the port of all others to be preferred by the man who travels with his wheel. The custom house officials there are men of common sense, and this is a consideration, since the French custom house is a strange and unaccountable institution. I do not pretend to explain the exact law that regulates the duty upon cycles, and, indeed, it matters little, an arrangement has been made by the Cyclists' Touring club here according to which, nominally, the presentation of your member's ticket will act like a charm and admit your cycle free, but I would advise no one to rely upon it too implicitly.

My experience is that whether you are compelled to leave a deposit or not (the deposit to be returned if you go out of the country within six months) depends wholly upon the temper of the officials with whom you come in contact on the frontier. At Calais, for example, sometimes I have been forced to pay; sometimes I have not. But I think the chances are, if you remember that a Frenchman, even if he be a customs officer, likes to be treated with common civility, and you learn enough French to be able to assure him that you are on pleasure, not on commerce bent, you will be allowed to pass at no heavier cost than a bow and a smile. However, at Dieppe you can land with an entirely easy conscience. No money will be asked of you, because it has long since been realized that the object of the visitor who arrives with a wheel is to enjoy the roads, not to injure the trade of France.

Once the customs house ordeal is over, only pleasure lies before the cyclist. The real difficulty is to decide what road to take, which route to follow. The country is charming, with its stretches of woodland, its shady orchards, its lines of tall poplars, and its old chateaux and farms each enclosed in a square of trees. It is looking its best, perhaps, in the spring when the apple trees are in blossom. Normandy is the land of the apple, as you know at once from the cider that is set before you at the table d'hote, instead of the wine of the central and southern provinces. From Dieppe, or from Havre, to Rouen, you pass orchard after orchard, at their loveliest when covered with the "flowery frost of May." On the whole, this is the journey I would recommend to the cyclist who has never before been in Normandy, and who has but a short holiday to spend there. Outside of Dieppe there are hills, but they are not very terrible, and for every climb there is a coast. They give the touch of variety which the cyclist loves and the peasant cannot understand. It is an easy day's run from Dieppe to Rouen, and you stop to lunch at the village of Totes, where there is an inn with a most marvelous old kitchen; the landlady may overcharge you but the rafters and fireplace and the brass and copper hung walls are worth a little extra.

Than Rouen there are few finer towns in France; if you cycle into it from the north, true your first impression is of an endless suburb, straggling on either side a badly paved street, where a little one horse tram crawls drearily along. But while the town itself, as everybody knows nowadays, has kept many of its old streets and timbered houses, it has its cathedral,



REFRESHMENTS ON THE ROAD.

its Church of St. Ouen, its Hotel Ville, and, above all, it has the Seine winding through it, an inspiration to Puvis de Chavannes and many an artist who has looked down upon a towered city and storied stream from the great hill on its southern outskirts. From Rouen another day's journey will take you over the hills and by the river to Les Andelys, the two little villages by the Seine, to Vernon, and so to Mantes, the town that Daubigny once painted as he saw it in the evening with its beautiful church towers rising above the roofs against the sunset. There is no prettier two days' ride to be had, the country through, than this. And here, if time presses, you can do one of two things. You can leave Normandy altogether, indeed, at Mantes you are well over the borderland, and you can follow the road to Paris, now keeping by the riverside, now leaving it for many miles, now wheeling for hours through the cool forest of St. Germain. It is an unrivalled days' journey, and from Paris you can train it back to Dieppe. This is one alternative. The other is to wheel homeward from Mantes through some of the other Norman Towns, Evreux, Pont Audemer, Caudebec to Havre or Dieppe, as the case may be.

But the tourist with a fortnight or a month at his disposal must go further westward if he would learn how inexhaustible is the province into which he has travelled. He may skirt the coast, by Honfleur and Trouville and Deauville, and the many watering places to which French fashion crowds in the summer time. And a day would not be too much to spend in one at least—Trouville by preference—watching the gay French life, the bathers in their pretty, brilliant costumes, the men and women, the children and nurses, the peasants and fishermen, whom the French comic draughtsman is never tired of caricaturing. If you have ever cared for your Mars in the printed reproduction you will enjoy him here in the original. From Caen to grave you go when you leave Trouville for Caen, with its two ancient abbeys, Abbeye aux Dames and Abbeye aux Hommes; no meeting there in the old days of the two sexes on equal ground.

Next comes Bayeux, of tapestry fame, a place to linger in for many a pleasant hour. And then follows the most perfect portion of all this perfect journey. If you are adventurous you may go as far north as Cherbourg, always within easy reach of the sea, wheeling in and out of queer little towns, long since dead or forgotten, like Valognes for example, silent and deserted, the grass growing in its streets. But even if you do penetrate into this far northern region you



THE PARADISE OF CYCLERS.

will probably come back by way of St. Lo and then, riding through Coutances and Granville and Avranches on the western coast, always breathing the fresh, keen sea air, you will finally reach Mont St. Michel, the abbey crowned rock fortress rising from the waters of the bay of the same name. It is the Cornish St. Michael's Mount on a larger scale and glorified—a marvel of nature and art, of wild cliffs and stately architecture. Of late years it has become a trifle tourist haunted, perhaps, and the restorer has been at work. If you are not breaking records, as is the way with most wheelmen, you could not do better than break your journey at Mont St. Michel and spend a week, or at least two or three days, with Mme. Poulard, who will give you as clean a bedroom, as well cooked a dinner and as decent a bottle of ordinary wine as you could ask for, even if you be the most exacting of men.

When I consider all these advantages, to me the only wonder is that all cyclists do not, at every holiday season, pack their flannels, put a guide book and a good map in their pockets, get out their machines, pump up their tires and set sail without delay for Dieppe.

Impertinent Old Beaux.

"The ladies at Long Branch," says a correspondent, "have been greatly annoyed by a number of effete beaux, who persist in parading about the beach and staring rudely at them while bathing. The other day one of these old nuisances, who had been persistently annoying a bathing party by ogling them through his eyeglass, kept up his persecution even after they had left the water and entered the dressing house, by walking backward and forward, and hemming as though to attract the ladies' attention. One of the girls, however, had provided herself with a putty blower belonging to her young brother, to be ready for an emergency, and as the old fool strutted past she took him through the door, purposely left ajar, and planted a pellet right in the ancient donkey's eye. He started in amazement, and involuntarily exclaimed, 'Oh!' at the same time clapping his hand to his face. A loud peal of laughter from the dressing house, accompanied by another pellet which hit him on the nose, sufficiently explained the catastrophe, and the venerable noodle went off crestfallen."

Nicknames for the United States.

"Brother Jonathan," the popular nickname of the United States, arose out of the person of Jonathan Trumbull, the Governor of Connecticut, whom General Washington never failed to consult in cases of emergency. "We must refer the matter to Brother Jonathan," he was wont to exclaim, when no other officer could offer any practical suggestion; and, true enough, Brother Jonathan proved himself in every instance equal to the confidence reposed in him. Another stock name for the United States is "Uncle Sam." This originated from a vulgar misconception of the initial letters "U. S." (United States) for those of the well-known sobriquet of an official whose business it was to mark them on all government property. The numerous acquaintances of this person understood that the goods so marked had passed through the hands of Uncle Sam, and, the joke becoming popular, it spread far and wide, until in the end it was considered far too good to allow it to drop.

An Unpleasant Discovery.

A tramp was found under a berth occupied by a lady in a sleeping coach of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company, near Cumberland. The lady occupying the berth first saw a pair of boots at the place where she would have to step on rising; but an investigation by the porter disclosed the fact that the two feet of a tramp were inside of them.

The First Woman Arctic Explorer.

Lieut. Peary's wife is not the first woman to brave the perils and hardships of arctic exploration. About thirty years ago J. W. Taylor of London was placed in charge of an expedition sent out from London to colonize the east coast of Greenland, and was accompanied by his wife, an accomplished young woman, who lived with him two years in an isolated settlement on Cobwin's island. She was the only European woman in a colony of thirty men, most of whom were whalers. Mrs. Taylor's health failed at the end of two years and she returned to England, her husband remaining a year longer. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have lived in Boston for twelve years, and are at present visiting Cambridge. Mrs. Taylor was very desirous of seeing Mrs. Peary before she started north and of wishing her success in person, but was prevented by circumstances from doing so.

Most People

Would rather do a gratuitous job for a rich man than for a poor one.

If they confess a weakness have a very strong defense ready for it.

Fancy they know more of their neighbor's business than their neighbors can know of theirs.

Wonder how the novel and successful idea escaped their minds.

Think that the millionaire gets his "pile" by either roguery or luck.

Are afraid to admire a picture without knowing the name of the artist.

When they argue think their opponents perversely obstinate.

Think foreigners ought to understand them better than they understand foreigners.

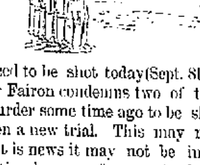
Are certain that none of the above rules could possibly apply to them.

The Randall base ball team was again defeated at Decatur yesterday by a score of 22 to 17. Chic Stahl, who occupied the box for the Fort Wayne team, was knocked out of the box in the sixth inning.

Wanted, to rent or lease, about October 1st, house of eight or nine rooms, bath room, cellar and furnace. Have no children. Address X, Sentinel, giving street, number and terms. 24tf

Dr. George Stemen was called to the scene of the wreck on the Pittsburg road yesterday, but before he reached them received word that there were enough physicians on the ground. The doctor being very busy this week he at once returned to this city.

The Congregational festival in the elegant new church is progressing finely. The band from the state asylum furnished a pleasant feature last evening. Miss Philley gave two of her excellent readings.



Sentenced to be shot today (Sept. 8th.) The report of Inspector Fairon condemns two of the nine indians tried for murder some time ago to be shot. The others will be geven a new trial. This may not be news to you and if it is news it may not be interesting news. It is interesting however for you to know that if you are not satisfied with anything you buy of us you can get a new trial free. Take your money back or get different goods. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

NEW IDEAS IN SCHOOL CLOTHING

While the boys have been enjoying vacation we have been lying awake o'nights thinking out new fashions for them. We have done wonders in the past in improving the character of Boy's Attire. This season we have performed miracles. Nothing in Fort Wayne can equal our exquisite styles and the variety is overwhelming. The combined efforts of competition may strain and strive, but still fall short in reaching our standard in this department, nor has resistance to hard wear been overlooked. Strength and style, perfection and originality distinguish every garment.

AUTUMN STYLES NOW READY.

The light colored suitings are still going at cost and below and we'll be glad to show you these, as they are truly BARGAINS.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Children's eyes should be examined before sending them to school, as oftimes they need glasses. Examinations free.

WORCH, the Optician,
8-21 **97 1-2 Calhoun St.**

Madam Sovere, of 190 Montgomery street, is meeting with good success in fortune telling. Prices only 25c and 50c. 8-24

The Kindergarten.

Send your children, from three to six years of age, to the Kindergarten in the new Plymouth church, corner Harrison and Jefferson streets, Monday morning. Miss Eleanor H. Lewis, teacher. 8-24

Tomorrow is the last day to pay natural gas bills without penalty.

Jacob D. Meyer will open his place of business, 145 Wallace street, next Saturday. Fine Cigars and Liquors a specialty. 7-31

Learn Telegraphy at the International Business College, Schmitz Block. 7tf

One Fare Excursion

To Chicago via the Nickel Plate road Sept. 11. Choice of trains. Superb new service. 4 6t

Westminster Seminary, 1893-4.

Fall term opens September 20. Full corps of teachers; thorough work; pleasant associations.

C. B. SHARP,
D. B. WELLS,
6 13t **Principals.**

Nickel Plate Road Again

Offers special rates to the World's Fair September 11. 4 6t

Mergenthiem's Bazaar

Main and Calhoun St.

OUR

NEW FALL GOODS

Are Now Ready.

DRESS GOODS!

You should see the HOP SACKINGS at 45 and 50c.

They are handsome, will outwear anything ever shown.

Jamestown Dress Goods!

All shades and prices.

All Wool Cashmeres

Our line of

BLACK GOODS!

Of all descriptions,
Cannot be discounted. All grades and prices.

2,000 yards of

Dark Colored Ginghams!

Former price was 10c,
Now Sold at 6c.

1,000 yards

Outing Flannel!

Regular Price 10c,
Now 6 1-4c Yard.

Try Our FAST BLACK HOSE!

1 Pair for 25c.

KID GLOVES!

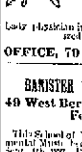
Our new line in Handsome Shades, Splendid Quality—GUARANTEED.

AGENTS FOR
Domestic Perfect Fitting Patterns.

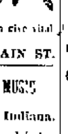
Mergenthiem's Bazaar

DR. ALEXANDER PATTIE,
Surgeon Dentist.

[BEFORE.] [AFTER.]



IMPROVED DENTISTRY
At Reasonable Prices.
Examination and Advice FREE.



Lady physician in attendance to give vital zed air if desired.

OFFICE, 70 WEST MAIN ST.

BANISTER SCHOOL OF MUSIC
49 West Berry St.,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

This School of Voice Culture and Instrumental Music begins its fifth year Monday, Sept. 11th 1893. Pupils will please enter as early as possible.

Mrs L. Webb Banister, Principal.

MWFAY
WAREHOUSE & STORAGE

Office 12 Calhoun St. Telephone 324.

Tomorrow is the last day to pay natural gas bills without penalty.

WANTED—A first-class cook. No others need apply. Inquire Saturday between 8 and 10 a. m. Shelby & Co., 76 Calhoun street.

Wanted, at once, a good girl to do general housework in small family.

MRS. L. WEBB BANISTER,
7-31 49 West Berry street

Tresselt's Hungarian Process and Silver Dollar Flour are the best in the market. Take no other. Also "Pillsbury's Best," Springwheat Patent. 11-tf

DANCING SCHOOL.

Classes Will be Formed About Sept. 15th.

Private Lessons Given Now at Any Time at the Hall. Call or Address.

MARY FARNAN, FOSTER BLOCK.

E. KRAMER,
SIGN - PAINTER!
90 E. MAIN STREET.
Finest and Best Work. Cheapest place in the city.

FOR SALE—Fine property in Williams port, good improvements, excellent location for shoemaker. Call or address, Mrs. E. Bell, Fee, Allen county, Ind.

THE BOSTON STORE.

The sale of towels for the past week has been remarkable.

Those who have taken no interest in our towel sale should do so at once.

We have received our

New Fall Lines

of Dress Goods in the fine wool fabrics, also in Ginghams, Prints, &c, &c.

The new stock of Fall Underwear is received, and contains everything, from the smallest infants' vest to the adult sizes, for both sexes. We have always taken the lead and can save you money in this department.

If you contemplate any house-cleaning this fall, and find it necessary to buy a new carpet, we are the people you ought to call on. We haven't quite a thousand pieces to select from, but what we have are better value than you can find elsewhere in this city. Prices, 35c and 65c per yard.

CLOAKS!

We began the cloak season by cutting prices.

We intend to put carpets up stairs instead of cloaks, and to attain this end we will sell any cloak or jacket in our possession, childrens, misses, or ladies at just three quarters of what we gave for it, or in other words at 75c on the dollar of their cost.

In these hard times the above is specially worthy of consideration.

Stewart & Hahn.

28 Calhoun St.
Fort Wayne, - Indiana.



JUST A DROP

Of Medicine occasionally will often prevent serious illness. In the summer you should have some of our Elixir Bark and Iron; you need it, and nothing impure should be taken. Purity of composition and skill in preparation make our Medicines the Best. Many a pang has been averted and many a life saved by the decisive action of reliable remedies. Such only we keep in stock. Prescriptions prepared with accuracy.

Try Our
FLAVORING EXTRACTS and
PURE CREAM TARTAR
BAKING POWDER.

MEYER BROS. & CO.,

DRUGGISTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 9th.

For the Benefit of the
FUN-LOVING PUBLIC,
The Farcical Comedy,

CRAZY PATCH

Presented With Many New and Glaring Patches, and a
Company of Comedians.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Mr. Harry Phillips.

You Giggle! You Laugh! You Roar!

Seat on Sale at Box Office. Popular Prices, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

GEARY'S THEATRE—
Opens for the Season

Monday Night, Sept. 11.

New Stock Company Under the Direction of
Harry W. Markham,
Presenting the Charming Southern Drama,

The Planter's Wife,

LAST THREE NIGHTS

HULDA, or a WOMAN'S WIT,

One performance each night, 8:15. Matinee, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

ADMISSION, 10, 15 and 25 Cents.

Twenty-five cent seats can be reserved one to three days in advance.

REMEMBER—Only one show at night, and three afternoons—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.